

THE SCOURGE.

OCTOBER 1, 1813.

CONTENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, see back.	Contemporary poetry.....305
PROBATIONARY ODES..... 263	LIVING ANIMALS SELECTED to
Probationary ode.....264	RANGE in the R— P —.....306
The prince's charms.....265	A character.....307
A Fashionable Character.....266	The White Doe.....308
The Coal Heaver.....267	The Kidling.....309
Admonition.....268	Merited praise.....310
The Maid of the Rose.....ib.	The monarch's character.....311
MISCELLANEA.....269	The monarch in his den.....312
HUNT AND INFIDELITY.....277	ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS..313
Duties of the sceptic.....278	Lord Erskine's humanity.....314
Uncertainty of belief.....279	A Nottingham farmer.....315
Influence of the Christian religion280	Cruelty to animals.....316
OLD WORDS with NEW ACCEP-	THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.
TATIONS.....281	317
Ambition—Friendship—Honesty, &c.	Drury-lane adventures.....318
282	Oaths upon oaths.....319
Ingratitude—Justice—Love of Coun-	A pie-merchant.....320
try, &c.....283	Saffron-hill recollections.....321
Mob—Patience—Patriot, &c....284	Sakey's progress.....322
Religion—Slander—Vice, &c. ..285	The Fly and Treacle Pot.....323
THE REVIEWER, No. XXIV.	A pathetic scene.....324
A Narrative of the Campaign in Rus-	A chimney-corner scene.....325
sia.....286	Interesting visits.....326
History of the War between France	Winterbottom's exploits.....327
and Russia.....ib.	Drunkenness and death.....328
Preparations of Russia.....287	HISTORY AND ILLUSTRATION
Battle of Borodino.....288	OF THE LAW OF LIBEL.
Entrance into Moscow.....289	Law of libel.....329
Desertion of the city.....290	Influence of government.....330
Conflagration of Moscow.....291	Defence of satire.....331
Retreat of Napoleon.....292	The Abbot's case.....332
Russia bathing.....293	Persecution of truth.....333
THE DOWNFALLOFQUACKERY.	Absurdity of libel law.....334
Origin of quacks.....294	PRICE OF PORTER—PATRIOTIC
History of Dr. Fox.....295	BREWERS — AND HUMANE
Success of his impositions.....296	QUAKERS.....335
King Solomon and Dr. Solomon..297	Humane quakers.. ..336
A doctor's distress.....298	PROGRESS OF FASHION.
A statement of facts.....299	Usages of different nations.....337
An execution at Balsam House..300	Influence of Fashion.....338
THEATRICAL EXTRACT.....ib.	Variations of dress.....339
MODERN FELICITIES.	Mr. J. C. BURCKHARDT,
Happiness of the present age... 301	The Manufacturer of the Masonic
Advantage of taxes.....302	Jewel presented to the Earl of
Blessings of war.....303	Mobra.....340
Modern discoveries.....304	THEATRICALS.....345

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentleman who transmitted us the collection of Epigrams, will find that we have made use of part of his favors.

The articles respecting the Esculapius of Hatton Garden, are of a nature that requires the most accurate examination; and our correspondent will therefore excuse us if we postpone their insertion, till we have ascertained their authenticity.

K. S. L. L. &c. are under consideration.

We have not witnessed without astonishment the report of Mr. Huntington's extraordinary sale, and should have gladly inserted the article of Mr. P. had it arrived more early in the month. If he will suffer it to remain till next month, it shall receive admission.

The poetry of G. W. shall receive an early examination.

T. R.'s account of a certain *prodigious small* kitchen, is *prodigiously* incorrect.

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PROBATIONARY ODES.

SIR,

HAVING had occasion a few days ago, to wait on the ingenious, the learned, the urbane, and the accomplished Mr. Mash, secretary to the Lord Chamberlain, a decided enemy to theatrical intolerance, the friend of justice, the enemy of monopoly; a gentleman who has no connection, public or private, with the managers of the Lyceum; renowned for unobtrusive simplicity, elegance of manners, and felicity of temper; the dispassionate servant of a virtuous master: I was honored by this miracle of all-good qualities, with a peep at the effusions transmitted by the most renowned poets of the age, as specimens of their qualifications for the laurel. I was informed by my kind communicant, that among the candidates for the vacant honor, were Mr. Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Dr. Busby, Lord Byron, Campbell, Melody Moore, and St. George Lumley Skeffington.—A day of recitation had been appointed, on which the respective candidates had agreed to recite their various productions, in the presence of a great personage, and to abide by the Chamberlain's decision. My curiosity was excited by Mr. Mash's representation, and he kindly permitted me, on condition of my wearing a clean handkerchief, and furbishing up my best apparel, to be present on the occasion. The scene as you will discover from the enclosed sketch, which it must be confessed is rather heightened by several poetical embellishments, was grand and imposing. I had intended to trans-

mit you the whole of the compositions presented and recited; on further examination I discovered that many were too good for insertion in a periodical publication, and many too bad. I have therefore only copied such effusions as are not entirely destitute of attraction, yet challenge by their imperfections and deformities the correction of criticism. If they afford to any of your readers instruction or amusement I shall be so far gratified; and in the mean time, a one pound note would relieve from distress

A POOR CLERGYMAN.

PROBATIONARY ODE.

By the Poet of the Morning Chronicle. (Warranted genuine.)

THE Laureat dead, the muses mourn,
 And strew the cypress o'er his urn,
 Round black Parnassus, which so late was green,
 Apollo stalks in sable bombazeen:
 Sad and sedate his lyre neglected now,
 A black crape hat-band binds his braided brow,
 Not long to mourn for soon a bard shall rise,
 Whose modest claim shall gain the vacant prize;
 The Laureat dead, the poet yields his breath,
 His fame survives to triumph over death:
 The Laureat dead, thence this disaster springs,
 Unsung the praises of the best of kings.
 Nor is this all, the mischief farther runs,
 Unsung the praises of his best of sons,
 Unsung—no—no—I will attempt his praise—
 Ye muses all, your drooping spirits raise;
 And you, Apollo, need no longer mourn,
 'Tis mine to bid your wonted smile return;
 Then cast aside your weeds and hasten now,
 To bind the Laureat wreath around my brow,
 'Tis yours the Laureat wreath to twine,
 The Prince, God bless him, gives the cask and wine!

Strike then, strike the sounding string,
Bid the tuneful quire prepare
George's matchless fame to sing,
George's grace and air,
Prepare, prepare!

A louder peal of praise to sing,
And since we need not praise the king,
We'll praise his son and heir!

Surely ne'er before was seen,
A prince of such commanding mien,
Derived no doubt from Britain's queen,
The pride of Britain's isle;

Her bright example first inspir'd
Those graceful traits so much admired,
Which seen are strait by all desired,
By which each female heart is fir'd;
But not to rhyme till I am tir'd,

His charms all hearts beguile.
And though I'm sore oppress'd with gout,
And like Sterne's starling 'can't get out,'
To see him at a ball or rout,
I'd hobble half a mile.

And would he but just condescend
To me the but of sack to send,
I'd sing his praises without end,
And every little flaw defend:
Such odes as ne'er before were penn'd,
Should win his gracious smile.

Trope, and metaphor, and pun,
In meand'ring maze should run,
All his virtues, one by one,
Rendered obvious as the sun.
Sure the task would ne'er be done,
Still would seem but just begun;
Then 'twould be the height of fun
To see the *Morning Post* outdone,

Jaw-breaking words in wedlock joined,
 Expressly for the occasion coined ;
 Loyal couplets from *Fitzgerald*,
 Modest praise from *Morning Herald* ;
Rosa Matilda's easy flow
 Of words that into verses grow
 Soft and simple, not sublime,
 All commingling,
 Sweetly jingling,
 Mingling, jingling into rhyme :
 Thus my birth-day ode should yearly come,
 Worthy the best-dressed prince in Christendom !

A FASHIONABLE CHARACTER.

By W——r S——t.

RED were his whiskers, Turnham green
 No redder pair has ever seen ;
 Black were his boots, within them true,
 The image of himself he'd view,
 With whip in hand, and cash in purse,
 He cared not for the world a curse ;
 But, full of life, and fun, and glee,
 Pursued in courts his revelry.
 True that on a friendly shore,
 His wife had turned a general's w—— ;
 That, shunned by all that hated vice,
 To shame and truth a sacrifice,
 To stew and gaming-house immured
 Or in his doctor's care till cured,
 Robb'd of the best of nature's powers,
 He spent the miserable hours ;
 Yet still released a welcome guest,
 In favor he surpassed the rest,
 The envy of each younger brother,
 The willing pander to his mother.
 To lie, seduce, and drink for ever,
 In cheating use his best endeavour ;

And once a week on subject pretty,
Indite and sing a bawdy ditty,
Were all his *serious* labours, since
No others satisfy a prince ;
And all allow so fast, so sweetly
He run the race of vice so neatly,
That since the time of Charles the second,
No pimp could be his equal reckon'd ;
In every house of Venus free,
Of King's-place an epitome.

THE COAL-HEAVER.

By T. M—e.

Oh weep for the hour,
When in midst of a shower,
A coal-heaver grim to Elizabeth came,
She put out the light,
As well she might,
And hid beneath the cloaths her lovely frame.
The half-snuffed wick,
Within the candlestick,
Burnt out once more with yellow flame ;
But none have seen the smock,
Worn by Miss Eliza Rock,
When that dark man brought her to care and shame.
Her white counterpane,
In which no one had lain,
By the coal-heaver's fingers were dirtied,
And many a dark print,
On the white sheet's tint,
Made her wish with a lover more clean she had
flirted.
'Ere the break of day,
The light melted away,
Not a trace remained of the candle's flame ;
But his breeches left a stain,
Which ever will remain,
On the bed that re-echoed Eliza's shame.

ADMONITION.

By Lord B——n.

THE pageantry of courts, the pomp of kings,
 And all the world calls wealthy, great, and fair,
 I scorn, but chiefly those ignoble things
 Who breathe in base subservience courtly air;
 Who fawn, and kneel, and creep, and laugh, and cry,
 As wills the prince his pleasure to declare:
 Out! out! ye sycophants, begone, fly! fly!
 Ye bear no image of the Deity.

I come not here in falsehood's hollow train,
 To pamper courtly luxury and pride,
 With polished compliments to wake the strain,
 And praise a mortal whom the good deride:
 For other duties on the Laureat fall,
 To censure, where all decency's defied;
 To preach of temperance at virtue's call,
 And to their proper selves the wandering senses call!

THE MAID OF THE ROSE.

By M. G. L—s.

A VIRGIN so noble of princely race,
 Came over the dark North sea,
 The rose of felicity dwelt on her face,
 She look'd with a smile, and she moved with a grace,
 Unconscious of evil, joyous and free.

The prince of the palace received her with joy,
 And soon to the altar he bore her,
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed when the boy
 Of forty began with his misses to toy,
 And practice *pah-pah* tricks before her.

She fled from the palace ashamed and afflicted,
 To seek in the cottage of peace for repose,
 While revelled the prince in amours unrestricted,
 And his panders condemned unheard, unconvicted,
 The conduct of Anna the Maid of the Rose.

A knight of the Star, and a lady of ton,
 Conspired the injured recluse to delame ;
 Lady Emily swore, and protested Sir John,
 And they uttered false oaths their bible upon,
 Till the judges and people cried shame.

And where has the lady so perjured obtain'd
 From popular anger a screen ?
 To the *Lord of the Household* she sorely complain'd,
 And under his auspices presently gained,
 A room in the *Grand Magazine*.

Four times in a week in the stillness of night,
 Do her shrieks make the chamber resound ;
 " A curse on the Princess," she cries in a fright,
 While, a letter in one hand, " The Book" in her right,
 She paces the chamber around.

In uniforms gay with queus stiff and long,
 Twelve sentinels pace in the park ;
 They look at her window and this is their song
 That they sing, " the worst criminals women among
 Are ——— and Mary Anne C——.

• *Miscellanea.*

THE account in the daily prints respecting a recent transaction of the Emperor Alexander, cannot but excite astonishment at the unaccountable perverseness of human nature. To hear a monarch exclaim that that day was the happiest of his life, in which he had the opportunity of snatching a fellow creature from a watery grave, and this at a time when so feeling a mind must have been occupied in maturing schemes for the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands, shews that the humanity of kings can only be exhibited on a contracted scale ; and the sacrifice of a few thousand lives is not to be considered as an obstacle to the attainment of the purposes of either aggrandizement or revenge. Ancient example, as well

as modern experience, hath taught us the truth of the poet's observation, that the business of kings

“ ————— is to find,
Or make an enemy in all mankind :”

and perhaps it were better that monarchs had the opportunity of exercising their operative faculties of humanity in resuscitating a drowned man, than in contriving means to drown or dispose of others by the hundred.—However, be this as it may, the Humane Society must be highly honoured in enrolling the name of the Emperor Alexander on its records; and not less proud must this humane monarch be, by being admitted into the association of men whose humanity and philanthropy shed a lustre round the throne of kings !

CURIOUS PROPENSITY, OR THE GENTLEMAN HEMP COLLECTOR.

It is altogether impossible to account for the pursuits, desires, and pleasures of certain individuals; one gentleman prefers a worm-eaten black-letter folio much more than the most choice specimen of typographical excellence that issues from the press of a Bulmer or a Ballantyne, while another will expend fifty pounds on a mutilated and bad impression of a portrait being the representation of a vagabond that died upon the gallows, which most undoubtedly verifies the old saying, “ that *nobody can account for taste.*”—The following specimen, however, of *gentlemanly predilection* stands, I conceive, unparalleled; and for its veracity, the writer most conscientiously pledges himself; but in order not to wound the feelings of the party concerned, thinks fit to designate him only as Mr. —.

The personage alluded to is in possession of a good income, and holds the rank of a *gentleman* in society: nevertheless the gratification of Mr. ——— consists in possessing the HALTERS of all delinquents executed at the Old Bailey, &c. for which he has actually entered into an agreement with Jack Ketch, who regularly supplies him with the same at a given premium *per rope*; so that the invaluable life-bereaving cord of such a character as *Bellingham*, compensates for the price given for ropes which have strung up criminals of less notoriety. These *halters*, which must be complete, particularly in *that part which*

surrounded the culprit's neck, are ranged upon pegs in a large press with labels attached to the same, designating the crime of the person executed, his age, date of execution and the place where he so suffered:—This circumstance brings to recollection the fact of the rich Mr. Selwyn's propensity to attend every execution, for which purpose he is said to have regularly retained a lodging opposite Newgate; nor would he scruple to visit the continent if any very noted character was condemned to death: there is, however, something more rational in this pursuit than the before mentioned concern, as it might be Mr. Selwyn's wish to ascertain the various effects produced on the minds of individuals executed for different crimes; but with regard to the *halter mania*, it is a pursuit so unaccountable in its nature, that the *refinement* is altogether beyond the pale of the writer's comprehension.

Literary Anecdote.—A bookseller at Botany Bay, who occasionally disposed of his articles by auction, one day, when mounted in the rostrum, among other works held out a Bailey's Dictionary, which he introduced to the notice of his audience as a very excellent thing of its kind, having the additional recommendation of being new. A well-known character present immediately asked the knight of the hammer whether he would warrant its being a *new* Bayley. "On my honour, Sir," said the bibliopolist, "I will."—"Then," replied the other, "I have no objection to become a purchaser; for I'll be d——d if myself, as well as many others here, didn't know enough of the *Old Bailey* before we left England!"

ANECDOTES OF PETER THE GREAT.

PETER had already reigned many years, when he was seized, at the age of fifteen, with a disorder which threatened his life. A deputation was sent to him to entreat a pardon for nine criminals, condemned to suffer death, in order that according to custom they might pray for the preservation of his life. At this request, the Czar, apparently dying, looked round, and said to the magistrates who had been deputed to him: "What do you ask of me? If I were to grant life to wretches who have trampled under foot all laws, both human and divine, I should myself com-

mit a crime, and should, in my own eyes, be unworthy of again beholding the light of day; on the contrary, I hope to merit the divine mercy by performing an act of justice, and I order you to depart immediately, and cause the sentence of death to be executed against these nine criminals."

THE Czar was in Sweden, besieging Narva: wide breaches had been made in the walls: the ramparts were thrown down: the besieged, pressed on all sides, without hopes of succour, still refused to surrender. Peter gave orders for the assault.—Horn, the commander of the place, at last hoisted the white flag, but it was too late: the Russians, already masters of the ramparts, rushed into the town, and were putting every one to the sword. Blood was flowing in every quarter. Peter saw, and wished to stop the massacres; he commanded, he threatened, but in vain; he was obliged to fall upon his own soldiers to put a stop to their ferocity; and he at last restored them to order. When Horn, the commander of the place, was brought before him, he went up to him with his naked sword in his hand, and gave him a box on the ear. "Why, wretch," said he, "did you hoist your flag so late: was it that your wives and children might be massacred? Look at this sword; it is not with the blood of the Swedes that it is stained, but with that of my own soldiers; you have reduced me to this cruel extremity to save your life and the lives of your fellow-citizens."

ONE of the Empress's maids of honour was a Miss Hamilton, young, beautiful, and susceptible. Thanks to our prejudices, honour and pleasure are not, in a young girl, easily compatible with each other. Twice stifling the feelings of nature, Miss Hamilton had concealed her weakness by destroying the fruits of it. A third innocent victim perished: but she had been suspected and watched; her crime was clearly proved, and she was condemned to lose her head. Peter had not seen with impunity so many charms; he had loved her; she had made him happy: and Miss Hamilton, in her prison, a prey to the most cruel reflections, might nevertheless hope to escape death, since she could reckon the Czar in the number of her lovers. The day destined for her execution arrived; she appeared upon the scaffold dressed in a robe of white satin trimmed with black

ribbands : never had she looked so beautiful. The monarch approached to take leave of her ; he embraced her, endeavoured to inspire her with courage, and said to her, "I cannot save you, the law that condemns you is greater than I: trust in God, and resign yourself to your fate." Just at the moment when the Czar, much moved, had pressed her hand for the last time and was leaving her, a single blow severed her head from her body, and terminated the life of the unfortunate Hamilton.

PETER was not always as severe as he had been to Miss Hamilton. One evening, Firmont, the surgeon, who had just been supping with him, killed one of his servants in a fit of anger and intoxication. He came the next day, threw himself at the feet of the Czar and confessed his crime. Peter granted him his life, and continued to live with him in the same familiarity as before. He enjoined him only to take care of the widow and children of the deceased, and to pension them, an injunction which Firmont punctually obeyed. Had Peter then more compassion for the weakness occasioned by wine, than for those occasioned by love ? Did he think the case of Firmont more excusable than that of Miss Hamilton ? or was Firmont so useful to him, that he sufficed that consideration to make him forget his respect for the laws ? Or was it only the effect of those inconsistencies too inseparable from the weakness of human nature ? These are questions not easily to be decided. The ruling passion of this monarch was an attachment to all the useful arts, especially navigation, building, turning, and surgery. He was a phlebotomist, drew teeth, tapped for the dropsy, and performed several other surgical operations.

ANSWER TO " CARE A POKER !" IN OUR LAST.

You assure me that care,
(By the bye you're a joker)
Serves the spirits to *stir*,
Just like a *fire-poker*.

But, if care *be* a poker,
It seems, beyond doubt,
The spirits stirr'd by it,
Are sometimes *stirr'd out* !

POOR DAMON.

For Chloe long did Damon languish,
 Stranger he to life's delights ;
 Long complain'd of bitter anguish,
 Joyless days and sleepless nights.

His am'rous suit the nymph assailing,
 Not unkindly was supprest ;
 Soon Love's logic was prevailing,
 And by Chloe he was blest.

Still behold poor Damon languish,
 Still removed from life's delights ;
 Still complain of bitter anguish,
 Joyless days and sleepless nights.

Why, you ask, is Damon pining ?
 Why continue thus distrest ?
 —Here his story I declining,
 Let his surgeon tell the rest.

X. Y. Z.

 EPIGRAMS.

ON THE REPORT OF JEFFERY,

(the Editor of the Edinburgh Review,) having sailed for New York, in order
 to get MARRIED.

Three thousand miles, in time of war,
 To get a wife, he goes ;
 Some folks would travel twice as far,
 To lose one, Heaven knows !

 THE R—L BROTHERS AT BRIGHTON.

While round their little puny fleet,
High Admiral Cl-r-nce proudly sails,
 The fishes cry, with loyal heat,
 “ He's brother to the *Prince of Wh-les* ! ”

 CHEATING IN LOVE !

Chloe fancies that *cheating in love* is no sin,
 So is constantly taking her customers in.

A REASONABLE EXCUSE.

Soult at *Vittoria* swore he'd dine,
 With King Joe's cheer enrag'd ;
 Why did he drop his grand design ?—
 Because he was *engag'd*.

A GREEN-ROOM LUXURY.

This *Melon* doth its kind surpass,
 It may be said with reason ;
 For, though not *kept* in hot-house glass,
 'Tis all the year *in season*.

And that its *namesakes* it may twit,
 Appears from this most plain,
 That, when of them there's *not one bit*,
 Here's *cut and come again* !

TO THE SLOVENLY MISS B—F—D,

Caressing her Lap-dog.

(Imitated from Martial.)

Susan, it don't surprise me in the least,
 To see thee kiss so dainty clean a beast ;
 But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee,—
 Aye, Susan, *that indeed surprises me* !

ON A LATE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

"*Raymond and Agnes*," was a play,
 Scarce worth the critic's curse ;
Raymond and Arnold, t'other day,
 Appear'd a *farce still worse* !

A STUDENT OF ABERDEEN COLLEGE.

A student fond of female charms,
 Beneath his gown conveyed,
 Encircled safely in his arms,
 A lovely yielding maid,

When lo! professor stern and old,
 Appear'd in corridor,
 Who bad the youth anon unfold,
 What burthen thus he bore.

"Sir," unabash'd the student said,
 "For dull disputes you note us,
 Wherefore to study I am led,
 The folios of *Duns Scotus* :"
 "Good," said Professor, "con them o'er,"
 The student with submission;
 Replied "I'll feast, Sir, on the lore,
 And work out new edition."

MANAGER EL—ST—N.

Hic et Ubique.

Lo! through ten counties El--st-n doth roam,
 Leaving his *widowed wife and brats at home* ;
 And tho' the country bumpkins stand and stare,
 To see our *Proteus* "here and every where,"
 While he plays *Rover*, it appears to me,
 He's *every where but where he ought to be* !

A PROPOSAL REJECTED.

Said A-n-ld to L-wler, "a new farce, pray, write,
 "Another sweet musical brat,"
 Poor L-wler to A-n-ld replied, in a fright,
 "I'll be *damn'd* if I do—*that is FLAT* !"

THE WIDOW OUTWITTED.

A widow who to pelf was ever prone,
 Yet lik'd not much to pass her nights alone,
 Resolv'd anew to enter wedlock's bands :
 But cautious ere she yielded, had enroll'd
 A bond; whereby the swain renounc'd her gold,
 So he on *naught* of her's cou'd lay his hand.

The nuptials o'er the couple went to bed,
 He bade good night; nor more he did or said:
 Thus pass'd a second; when she cried in grief;
 "Ah! why thus cold?" "My honour's pledg'd," said he,
 I must not touch of *ought that 'longs to thee*—
 The bond was cancell'd, and she found relief,

HUNT AND INFIDELITY.

SIR,

AFTER your very able refutation of those sophistries by which the *Examiner* has endeavoured to support the cause of infidelity, and to apologise for his public profession of deism, it might have been expected that he would have remained silent on a subject to which he is confessedly unequal. But he has provoked, by a repetition of his arguments, the general indignation of the public, and rendered it expedient in every member of the church of England, and every lover of his fellow men, to recapitulate the reasons that most powerfully evince the fatuity of the line of conduct he has chosen to pursue. Impressed with this conviction, and observing that a second part of *Ecce Homo* is announced for publication, I beg leave, as an humble coadjutor, to offer you a few remarks on the inexpedience and criminality of such publications.

Truth should undoubtedly be the object of every man who has improved his mind by reading and reflection; and he who remains in ignorance and uncertainty, for want of resolution to resist the allurements of sloth or interest, is of all human beings the most contemptible; but when our own minds have been satisfied by our enquiries, we ought not only to consider the intrinsic value of the opinions we have embraced, but the effects which they may probably have on society: and if after conscientious deliberation we find that their influence would be more injurious than beneficial, or that, with a very distant and uncertain prospect of future good, their present operation would be such as to diffuse discontent, disgust, and profligacy among mankind, we should confine them to our own bosoms, and instead of regretting the ignorance of our fellow creatures, should rather be pleased with the reception of those doctrines that have contributed so much to their virtue and felicity.

Whatever may be the conviction of an individual respecting the certainty of his peculiar opinions, yet the acknowledged weakness of the human understanding, and the improbability that he alone should be favoured by the discovery of truth, while the rest of the world is shackled by prejudice and absurdity, should induce him, if he possess a common degree of modesty or prudence, to hesitate a little before he hazards the happiness of millions by the publication of sentiments which he himself believes to be consistent with truth, but which may, with great probability, be false. Whatever evidence occurs to him from the nature of his enquiries, or the peculiarity of his situation, should be allowed to have its due influence on his mind; but he ought not to forget that there are others who with equal opportunities of information, and with equal freedom from hereditary prejudice, have persisted in the doctrines that he imagines to be fallacious and contemptible.

These instances, although they may not in themselves alter his opinions, should induce him to reflect that they can only claim the merit of probability; of a probability that can only be weighed against another at the hazard of the peace, the virtue, and the happiness of mankind.

But if his opinions are such as can be proved by mathematical demonstration, and which therefore no one who examines them can hesitate to believe, yet if they are such as have a probable tendency to injure the virtue and felicity of mankind, every principle of morality should induce him to conceal them. That the world is happy in proportion to its virtue, is a position which no one has ever attempted to deny: he, therefore, who diminishes its happiness by destroying the foundation of religion, and consequently of virtue, cannot be regarded as the friend, but as the enemy of his fellow creatures: he should be regarded as a foe to all the principles which secure us against the dangers and miseries of life; and though neither justice nor prudence may require that he should be punished, he cannot be considered as entitled either to praise or reverence.

But this certainty of belief is rather possible than probable. He who addicts himself to consider every thing as false unless it can be proved by abstracted science, must be content, notwithstanding the pride of scepticism, to rest his opinions on the same philosophical foundation, with the doctrines he has rejected, and must rather espouse such sentiments as are not contradicted by reason, than such as can be mathematically demonstrated. They will inflame the minds of the sanguine and the credulous, without commanding the conviction which may silence opposition. The consequences will be such as have always proceeded from religious innovation. Mankind will be led to reject their present system of belief without any inclination to embrace another. The progress of scepticism will release the ignorant and the licentious from every religious obligation; the people, liberated from those restraints which have formerly preserved them in the paths of happiness and virtue, will deviate without terror or remorse into the gulph of profligacy and wickedness; and the corruption of principles and manners will proceed with accelerating rapidity, till the yoke of a foreign power, or the superior genius of a bold adventurer, at once imposes upon the nation a system of religion and an oppressive constitution.

This reasoning, however, will not apply with its utmost force where the system of religion is such as to produce vice and misery, rather than happiness and virtue; although even in this case a writer or philosopher should be careful that the evils he complains of are not imaginary, and that the publication of his opinions may not increase rather than diminish the general infelicity. But to the Christian religion the argument is directly applicable. Of its influence in correcting the violence of passion, in cherishing the mild, and exciting the active virtues, and in promoting the general felicity of human life, even the author of *Ecce Homo* has not hazarded a doubt. To attempt, therefore, by any kind of reasoning, or by any system of philosophy, to subvert a religion which, inde-

pendent of more solid considerations, has preserved mankind from many of those vices which disgraced the heathen world, and which tends in so great a degree to secure the happiness of its followers, is an imprudence of which no wise or good man will easily be guilty.

If Christianity were deprived of those distinguishing characteristics which first conduced to its establishment, the divinity of its author, and the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, it would no longer have any influence on the actions of mankind, but would decline, like the systems of the heathens, into a lax and doubtful system of ethics, which might amuse philosophers, but would have little power to restrain vice, or to promote virtue. The common classes of society have few motives for virtue, but evident interest. If they doubt that Christ was the son of God, they will likewise doubt the doctrines that he taught; and as they begin to lose the certainty of future reward for the good actions which they perform in this life, they will relapse into the licentiousness and wickedness natural to men who have no other motives for their actions than the gratification of the present hour.

If therefore the Christian religion promotes the general happiness and virtue of mankind, if its principles cannot be retained without its doctrines, and if a contrary system, while it is liable to error, would only produce misery and confusion in the world, without any certain prospect of ultimate advantage, it is surely the duty of the philosopher and the moralist to retain their own opinion, if they differ from those which are generally adopted, without disturbing the world by fanciful objections, which may be productive of much discord and unhappiness, without promoting the interests of truth or virtue.

I am not ignorant how much this kind of reasoning will be censured as tending to the overthrow of all rational discussion and enquiry. My arguments, however, only extend to those topics which affect the virtue and the

felicity of mankind. To express our opinion on subjects of general literature, or philosophical science, is a privilege which only a bigot or a tyrant would desire to repress; but to destroy the peace and felicity of the world, and to hazard the production of misery, discord, and wickedness, for the gratification of vanity or curiosity, is a crime for which no acuteness of learning can atone, and which can scarcely be expiated even by a public recantation.

OLD WORDS WITH NEW ACCEPTATIONS.

SIR,

HAVING read in your publication for June last some "Hints to the Reverend Mr. Todd," in which the writer ludicrously points out the great change that has taken place in the acceptation of many words within the last half century, I have been induced to fill up a few leisure moments in the like pursuit; and at the same time to imitate our great prototype more closely by giving authorities from other writers, to confirm the explanation adduced.

Now, Sir, as I possess a certain portion of that vanity which is said to be a characteristic of juvenile writers, I have selected the following words for your consideration; and should you deem them worthy of a place in your literary vehicle, it will be highly flattering, as well as gratifying, to your constant reader,

RICHARD SNARY.

Ambition—a dangerous disease of the great, by some called a dropsy of the mind, attended with such an extreme thirst as generally proves fatal.

Ambition's like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back :
 It is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high mind can put off : it is a rebel
 Both to the soul and reason ; and forces
 All laws, all conscience ; treads upon religion,
 And offers violence to nature's self. BEN JONSON.

Conversation—a social virtue, considered by our forefathers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, but now degenerated into a kind of Babellonian jargon.

Conversation is generally corrupted ; and he that enters into company will too frequently find, that there are many who use the spur, where they should use the bridle. Hence, that which was intended to cultivate our minds, and civilize the world, hath turned it almost to a wilderness. ADDISON.

Friendship—a marketable commodity, varying in price according to circumstances.

In this base world, alas ! friendship is made
 A bait for sin, or else at best a trade. COWLEY.

—— The friendships of the world are oft
 Confed'racies of vice, or leagues of pleasure. ADDISON.

Honesty—a word in every one's mouth, but destitute of meaning.

Honesty's a cheat, invented first
 To bind the hands of bold deserving rogues,
 That fools and cowards might sit safe in pow'r,
 And lord it, uncontroll'd, above their betters.
 Honesty's but a notion——
 Like wit, much talk'd of, but not to be defin'd :
 He that pretends to most, has the least share in't.
 'Tis a ragged virtue. OTWAY.

Honour—a fascinating chimera, closely pursued in the search of fame, but which frequently ends in the privilege of a man's measuring his length on a field of battle.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion
 That draws in raw and inexperience'd men
 To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow. ADDISON.

O cursed honour, to thy lures we owe
All the great ills that mortals bear below :
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields
His whole year's sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields ;
Curst by the maid, torn from the lover's side,
When left a widow, though not yet a bride :
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead. TICKELL.

Ingratitude—a kind of modern thoughtlessness only of favours received ; though some ancient divines have very injudiciously classed it below witchcraft.

—————Where are my friends,
The dear companions of my joyful days,
Whose hearts my warm prosperity made glad ?
Ah ! where indeed ? They stand aloof,
And view my desolation from afar :
And when they pass, they shake their heads in scorn.

ROWE.

Justice—a cardinal virtue, frequently destructive to the poor, and according to some writers occasionally employed in creating crimes for the pleasure of punishing them.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear :
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy straw will pierce it !

SHAKSPEARE.

Love of Country—an attachment founded upon the best price that can be obtained for it.

Country and friends are by some wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian beds, and drink in gold ;
No price too high for profit can be shewn,
Nor brother's blood, nor hazard of their own :
Around the world in search of it they roam. COWLEY.

Merit—an out-of-date virtue, of no advantage to the owner.

—————If none presum'd
Without the stamp of merit to obtain,
How many then would cover who stand bare !
How many be commanded, who command !

SHAKSPEARE.

Mob—a lawless banditti composed of the lowest classes, and frequently made the blind instruments of the artful and designing knave.

—————Some pop'lar chief
More noisy than the rest, but cries "Halloo!"
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out.
They never ask for what, or whom they fight:
Yet call them out, and shew them but a foe,
Cry, "Liberty!" and that's a cause of quarrel.

—————But curst be they
Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,
Whose blindfold business is but to destroy;
And, like a fire commission'd by the winds,
Begins on sheds, but, rolling round,
On palaces returns.

DRYDEN.

Patience—formerly considered as a virtue, but in modern acceptation is a ministerial potion, insultingly recommended as a relief to enormous taxation.

—————Patience is the virtue of an ass
That trots beneath his burthen, and is quiet.

LANDSDOWN.

Patriot—the people's saint and the politician's tool; who is, notwithstanding, often consigned to oblivion.

How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd;
If he succeeds, he undergoes this lot—
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.

CONGREVE.

Pride—the main-spring of self-love, and the most intimate and inseparable passion of human nature.

—————Who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea;
Till that the very, very means do ebb? SHAKSPEARE.

Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

POPE.

Religion—speculative opinions, differing in form, but tending to one end;—namely, to obtain the good things of this world, rather under the semblance of what men should be, than what they are.

**Jew, Turk, and Christian differ but in creed ;
In ways of wickedness they're all agreed :
None upward clears the road : they part and cavil :
But all jog on unerring to the devil. LANSDOWN.**

Slander—polite conversation; a privilege of the tea-table and drawing-room.

————— Slander
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world :—kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous poison enters. SHAKSPEARE.

Vice—a disowned but frequent companion of the great, who generally turn over their interest in her friendship to the poor.

Vice, like some monster, suff'ring few to 'scape,
Has seiz'd the town, and varies still her shape:
Here, like a general, she struts in state,
While crowds in red and blue her orders wait;
There, like some pensive statesman, walks demure,
And smiles, and hugs, to make destruction sure;
In pulpits, and at bar, she wears a gown,
In camps a sword, in palaces a crown. LANSDOWN.

Virtue—an efficacious property, wholly engrossed by the rich, and of no use to the poor.

Virtue is of little regard in these costermonger times.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE REVIEWER.—No. XXIV.

A Narrative of the Campaign in Russia during the year 1812,
by Sir Robert Ker Porter, 4to. Longman.

A History of the War between France and Russia, vol. 1, 8vo.
and in numbers. Goddard.

WHATEVER may be thought of the literary talents of Sir Robert Ker Porter, he cannot be denied the praise of an active and intelligent observer. His intimate knowledge of the language and geography of Russia peculiarly qualifies him for the translation of important papers, and the developement of military details: his present publication bears no evidence of the affectation and pomposity so visible in his former writings, and if he seldom charms by the graces of his style, he rarely disgusts by the obtrusion of his manner. He has collected therefore a considerable number of insulated and important facts, arranged them with perspicuity, and recorded them in perspicuous and appropriate language. As the collector of materials for the future historian, or as the communicator of copious information on a subject of general and immediate curiosity, he deserves the gratitude and respect of every political and military reader.

The "*History of the War between France and Russia*," just published by Goddard of Pall Mall, is on a much more extensive scale; and to those who wish to trace the operations of war and diplomacy in all their minuteness of detail, it will be a valuable accession. It includes the various documents on both sides, connecting the contrasted statements by original remarks, and abstracting in the form of narrative the substance of the inserted materials. Nor is it less amusing to the general reader than to the student. The introduction in particular contains a copious review of the geography, history, laws, military resources, and manners of the Russian empire, and is concluded by a review of the resources of the contending parties. The author's information ap-

pears to be collected from the most unexceptionable sources, and to be equally copious and accurate.

To convey any general idea of a work like that of Sir Robert Ker Porter by a single extract, would be impossible; and the interest of the subject, as well as justice to the author, demands that by tracing briefly the history of the campaign, we should exhibit the range of his labours, and present a just picture of the most important conflict that history has recorded between an invading tyrant and a patriotic empire.

Though the Emperor Alexander had been for some time silently increasing his armies by new levies, and could exhibit on paper a military establishment of more than 600,000 men, the force collected to oppose the progress of Buonaparte, was at the commencement of hostilities very unequal to that of the enemy; and probably amounted to no more than 200,000 men. The main army, commanded by De Tolly, consisted of 80,000 men; the second under Bagration of 30,000; Witgenstein, who was posted on the Dwina, for the purpose of covering St. Petersburg, had not more than 30,000 under his command; and the army of Volhynia, under Tormazof, even when joined by the army of Moldavia under Tchi-chagof, amounted only to 80,000 men. The effective force of Bonaparte, according to the official statements of the war office at Paris amounted to 787,000 men. Of this force more than 300,000 were occupied in Spain, Italy, and Holland. The force collected for the invasion of Russia, amounted to about 360,000 effective men, and including troops in reserve, artillery men, pioneers, and waggon drivers, formed a collective force of more than 400,000 men.

The French divisions were all in advance at the beginning of June. On the 11th of that month the Prince of Ekmuhl (Davoust) had his quarters at Königsberg, where he was joined by Napoleon in person, and on the 19th the French emperor had advanced as far as Gumbinnen, in his march to the Niemen. Three bridges being con-

structed on that river, part of the army crossed without opposition on the evening of the 23d, and on the 24th Napoleon was at Kowno, on the other side. From this period the Russians gradually and deliberately retreated victorious in almost every skirmish, and inflicting without sustaining loss. The French proceeded nearly in a straight line, and Bagration, with the second Russian army, having deviated too far to the left, the centre of the French army advanced about the 25th of July, and occupied a line from Mohilof to Polotsk. By this movement Bagration was compelled to pass the Borysthenes. The communication between the first army and that general could therefore only be preserved by an inclination of the commander in chief to his left, and by thus falling back on Moscow instead of St. Petersburg. The two armies effected their junction at Smolensk, after a retreat on the part of Bagration, almost unexampled for its skill and bravery. We shall not enter into a minute detail of the capture of Smolensk, or of various operations, which could only be understood when recorded with the utmost minuteness. The most sanguinary conflict which preceded the entrance into Moscow, was that of Borodino. Near this place the two armies had been in sight of each other for two days, and some hard fighting had occurred. The Russians had been the whole time under arms, and had scarcely tasted a morsel of food, when at four o'clock in the morning of the 7th of September, the French advanced under cover of a thick fog, and directed their chief efforts against the left wing of the Russians under Prince Bagration. After a contest which far surpassed in carnage the sanguinary conflict of Eylau, Buonaparte, finding all his attempts to force the Russian position ineffectual, withdrew his army, leaving Kutusof master of the field. The loss of the French on this occasion cannot be estimated at less than 40,000 men, and that of the Russians was scarcely inferior. Some idea may be formed of the obstinacy of the conflict from the fact that the left division of the Russian army, which on going into action

amounted to 30,000 men, after the battle did not muster more than 8000; and we have the testimony of the French themselves to the firmness of the Russians, in sustaining for two hours, in close order, the fire of eighty pieces of artillery, which, though it thinned their ranks, could not force them to retire.

The French entered Moscow by a flank movement on the 14th of September. "Moscow (says Sir Robert Ker Porter), whose magnificence and hospitality had for ages been the admiration of Europe; she who had given laws to conquerors, and seen nations suing to her for protection, was fated to be trodden under foot by a self-crowned despot, raised by his own daring spirit to the throne of Charlemagne." From the day on which the Emperor Alexander visited the ancient seat of his empire, to summon from the throne of his ancestors his subjects, to give their utmost support against the unparalleled aggressions of the war, Count Rastopchin, the military governor of the city, was unremitting in his labours to prepare for the worst. He armed and organized every class of individuals, and issued timely orders for the removal of every thing in the capital that might be an acceptable spoil to the enemy. The archives of the emperor and the nobility, the treasures of the Kremlin, and of the public institutions, were taken to places of safety. He likewise recommended to the princes and other nobles resident in Moscow, that they should transport their valuables to a distance, that in case of disaster, putting the city in the hands of the enemy, he might derive no advantage from his conquest.

The news of the approach of the French fled through the town. Nothing can paint the confusion and distressing scenes which ensued. The houses echoed with shrieks and groans. Mothers and wives were separating themselves from their sons and husbands, who were determined to follow the steps of their governor, or to abide in their native city while one stone remained on another. Children were weeping their last adieus, and the sick and

the aged refused to be carried away to die far distant from their paternal altars and their parents' tombs. The streets and avenues were crowded with carts and carriages filled with old and young. Many thousand wretched beings, who had not such means of safety, were compelled to fly on foot, from the expected advance of the pitiless foe. At length the final orders of the military governor were given: he besought the remaining inhabitants to accompany his march: they wept, but their refusal was firm; and the cause of his country forbidding a longer delay, he made the signal, and at the head of forty thousand brave citizens, completely armed, quitted the city to join the commander in chief.

On the 14th of September, at mid-day, the enemy appeared before the walls of Moscow. His advanced guard, under the command of Murat and Beauharnois, entered the gates with all the pride and pomp of conquest. The troops moved towards the Kremlin; a part of the self-devoted citizens had taken refuge there, and closing the gates desperately attempted its defence by a discharge of their musquets. Feeble were barriers of stone and iron against a host. The gates were instantly forced, and the brave victims of patriotism massacred on the floors of their ancient fortress.

Scarcely had the atrocious act been perpetrated, before the pyres of loyalty were lighted, and Moscow appeared, at different quarters, in flames. The French troops, as they poured into the devoted city, had spread themselves in every direction in search of plunder; and, in their progress they committed outrages so horrid on the persons of all whom they discovered, that fathers, desperate to save their children from pollution, would set fire to their place of refuge, and perish in the flames.

The streets, the houses, the cellars flowed with blood, and were filled with violation and carnage. Manhood seemed to be lost in the French soldier, for nothing was to be seen in him but the wild beast ravening for prey,

or rather the fiend of hell glutting himself in the commission of every horrible crime. The fires lit by the wantonness of these marauders, mingled with the burning sacrifices of the expiring people, and the ruffians passed like demons through the flames, sacking private dwellings and public repositories; and when these yielded no more, they turned their sacrilegious steps to the pillage of the churches. The horrors of Smolensk were repeated in the sanctuaries of Moscow. Altars were again soiled with blood; sacred vessels broken and carried away; the relics of saints profaned, and even the dead disturbed in search of hidden treasures.

Scarcely had Buonaparte taken up his residence in the Kremlin, before a fire was announced as having broken out before its walls. His fury knew no bounds: one hundred brave Muscovites were dragged into the presence of the tyrant; and, refusing to confess the deed, were massacred by his order. The author of their fate dared not to look upon them, but he listened with exultation to the firing of the hundred balls, which successively deprived the dauntless band of their existence.

The fire which had been lit in the Kremlin, found answering beacons throughout the whole range of the circles which comprised the city. The conflagration continued to spread in every direction, and with its devouring flames augmented the horrors of the night. The soldiers, regardless of order and discipline, and instigated by the example of too many of their officers, seized every occasion these scenes presented to ravage and destroy.

Buonaparte having failed in all hopes of extricating himself from his difficulties, by the arts of negotiation, reinforced to 45,000 men the corps of Murat, on the Kaluga road, and intended that Victor should be brought up from Smolensk to join him. It argues a singular want of that foresight for which he had hitherto been distinguished, that the whole safety of himself and army should be made to depend on his penetration to Kalouga,

and that the junction of Victor should be projected at so late a period of the campaign. Kutusof, whose army had been reinforced by the 40,000 recruits under Rastopchin from Moscow, determined to anticipate these movements, and accordingly ordered General Benningzen to attack Murat at Vincovo; the result was decidedly in favour of the Russians, as between two and three thousand prisoners, and thirty-eight pieces of cannon, remained in their hands. This action took place on the 18th of October, and on the 19th Napoleon quitted Moscow, leaving a garrison in the Kremlin.

His discomfiture and retreat are attended with too many details to be adequately described within the limits of a monthly number. Since the time of Cambyses, whose troops in their retreat from his expedition into Ethiopia, are said to have decimated their numbers, in order to afford food for the survivors, we believe no body of men were ever exposed to such accumulated distresses, as those which the French now suffered! "They fly (says a Russian account) pursued by fear and terror; having no food, they are forced to eat dead horses,—forced to do what their polished contemporaries will scarcely believe, to feed on the bodies of their own brethren. The roads, on which they fondly dreamt to return in triumph, are covered with their dead: their sick and wounded are thrown aside in their march, and left to perish with famine and cold."

The official statement published at St. Petersburg on the 22d of December, states the loss of the French army from the 18th of June to the 30th November as follows:

Prisoners.—95,000 privates, 20 generals, 1385 staff-officers.

Killed.—150,783 privates, 40 generals, 1806 officers.

Taken 726 pieces of cannon, and 49 stand of colours.

And the subsequent losses were not, in all probability, less than 80,000 men, killed, wounded and prisoners.

We shall hereafter enter into some detailed considerations on the policy and conduct of Buonaparte in this cam-

paign. We have already trespassed beyond our limits, and shall conclude with the following singular account from Mr. Goddard's publication :

“ The bath-room attached to the houses of the Russians, resembles a detached black room : it stands alone : has an oven like the other, on which the person who prefers the vapour bath reclines at length, while the steam arises from below : a water-tub and benches raised above one another. The bath is used among all orders of the people ; and such is the force of habit, that even in country villages, the young maidens will do its honors to a stranger, without any consciousness of impropriety. They go into the hot bath about once a week, as well as on every trifling occasion, hard labour, or a slight indisposition. They use the bath very hot, heating the room with large stones, made glowing red, and raising a vapour by repeatedly throwing water on them ; the room being made so tight that no particle of heat or vapour can transpire. The bather lies extended naked upon a mat thrown on one of the shelves of the scaffold adjacent to the oven, when the higher he ascends the greater heat he feels. After he has perspired some time, the waiter of the bath, generally a female, comes and washes him with hot water, wipes him with cloths, and then leaves him to perspire as long as he pleases. From the bath it is not unusual for the Russians to throw themselves into cold water or snow without injury or inconvenience. In Petersburg the promiscuous bathing of the sexes was regarded as a matter of course, until the custom was prohibited in that city, but was general at Moscow previous to the late conflagration. The hot baths consist of low wooden buildings, with small openings in their sides, whence issues a thick muddy stream, flowing from the first washings of the natives, and in which they still laved their grease-encrusted bodies as they sallied forth to enjoy the cooling waves of the river. As the traveller approached these cleansing elevations, he beheld the waters that rolled from under their foundations filled with naked persons of both sexes, who waded or swam about from the bath in great numbers, without any sense of impropriety. The ladies looked all around with the coolness of females completely apparelled ; and a branch of twigs in one hand, and a pail in the other, descended the steps into the river. The twigs had been used for the purpose of flagellation in the hot bath, and the pail

was now employed in throwing over her head the cold water of the river. The numberless females thus sporting and tossing in the river, resembled in their gambols a shoal of porpoises. In the very midst of the bath, lusty boors were filling their water casks, and many men bathed along with the women. Yet during the whole of this scene, the female bathers expose their charms with the utmost indifference, an indifference not the result of corruption but of habit."

THE DOWNFALL OF QUACKERY.

Ambubiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,
Mendica, mimæ, balatrones ;
Hoc genus omne.

IN the reign of one of the Plantagenets, when England was altogether under the dominion of superstition, faction, and astrology, it happened that a distemper broke out among the inhabitants of the forest, which raged for a long time, and, in the end, proved fatal to prodigious numbers. Now as the quadrupeds had ever been considered as a sober, industrious race of beings, and not, like men, obnoxious to a grand catalogue of diseases, we must not wonder that a phenomenon so remarkable inspired the bipeds, our ancestors, with sentiments of weakness and horror. Some were of opinion that the malady owed its origin to the extreme heat of the weather ; while others asserted this to be impossible, as in that case the birds and men must have been sharers in the calamity. One sect was persuaded that the disease had been propagated by the importation of some nasty animal which had found its way from the ships to the forest ; while others, with greater probability, alledged, that it was the result of an intemperance, in which the carcasses of those who had perished in the civil wars had afforded too ample an indulgence. But the most curious, and, indeed, the most popular opinion, was, that the old dragon, the devil, had broken

loose from his imprisonment in the bottomless pit, and as a preliminary to his designs on mankind, was wreaking his vengeance upon beasts. This belief became by degrees, universally adopted, to the exclusion of all others ; and it established a very good criterion, by which we may judge of the learning and state of the age.

As the first physicians in human shape derived their creation from the intemperance and misfortunes of their fellow creatures, so, by this distemper, was made to spring up a class of physicians, the turpitude of whose character has occasioned the publication of the present fable.

No sooner had the disease made its appearance, than a *Fox*, in imitation of the monks whom he had noticed in his excursion of pillage, conceived the agreeable whim of improving his condition by a dexterous application to the passions of his burthen in calamity. For this purpose he made a collection of herbs and minerals, and dead flies, and by a simple process, distilled from them a balsam, which he gave out as a *sovereign specific* against every species of disease incident to the bestial frame. In order that the virtues of his balsam might not linger in obscurity, he took care to engage in his service a tribe of *jackasses*, whose office was to bray forth the importance of his discovery, and thereby lift himself into the notice of the public. The expedient, as politic as it was novel, fully answered the expectations of the impostor; the multitude was astonished that a balsam should be discovered for the cure of *all* diseases; and, as it had been discovered, they were still more astonished that it had remained so long unknown.

Dr. Fox having been consulted by two or three young *horses*, who had impaired their constitutions in the pursuit of pleasure, was fortunate enough to see them partially restored in the course of a few months. Of these cures, which were owing in a great measure to time, good air, a temperate regimen, and abstinence from sensuality, the empiric, with his customary impudence, arrogated the merit entirely to himself, and to his incomparable balsam. It

may not be here improper to remark that the composition of this nostrum was always represented by him and his asses as a profound secret, and what is still more remarkable, not a single chemist ever took the trouble notwithstanding its celebrity, to analyze it.

For a series of years the impostor continued his practices with a diversity of success. Nor while our hero assumed the title of physician, did he for a moment forget that he was likewise a Fox. The passions which distinguished his character in private life, were all brought into action during his professional career; and it may be doubted whether his good fortune was more indebted to the merits of his balsam, than the means he took to commend it. As the tenets of a new religion meet with the readiest acceptance when corroborated by two or three couple of miracles, so the wonders of a *nostrum* are sure to be the best credited when puffed into notice by a string of attestations to the cures it has been supposed to perform. This important secret was not unknown to the Fox, and it was in the method of obtaining these attestations that his talents appeared in the most conspicuous point of view. He soon perceived that the jackass, though inimitable in the task of proclaiming a cure which had really taken place, was too stupid for the business of procuring attestations to cures which no one had ever heard of. To remedy this deficiency he had recourse to a reinforcement of *monkeys*, who played the characters assigned them to the admiration of every one in the secret. I query very much whether the seminary instituted by Talleyrand, will ever furnish a nest of more crafty unprincipled spies, than the fraternity of monkeys who served under the auspices of this notorious empiric. The bare enumeration of a few of the *most* remarkable cases attested by these lying monkeys, would be sufficient to fill a volume of considerable magnitude. When a patient, for instance, had recovered from a slight indisposition, the doctor was certain to acquaint the public, through the lungs of his monkeys and jackasses, that such a *goat*, or such a *baboon*, had been

retrieved from the jaws of death by the timely application of his inestimable medicine. Consult the modern annals of empiricism—peruse the newspaper descriptions of nostrum doctors and cures—attend a minute to the Hero of Gilead-house, and his Guide to Health, and you will acknowledge the justness of the observation.

The multitude of monkeys and jackasses retained in his pay, and scattered over all parts of the island, was truly prodigious, and little inferior to the number of horses kept by King Solomon in the zenith of his power. It must, however, create some little surprize in the minds of many persons that a nostrum, so celebrated for its miraculous cures, should stand in perpetual need of jackasses and monkeys, to report its operations, and emblazon its virtues ; yet certain it is, that every time the quack took in hand to diminish the number of his lacqueys, the sale and the fame of his balsam never failed to diminish in a ten-fold proportion.

As the properties of the balsam consigned it to the class of nostrums which were then known by the appellation of “ Nervous Cordials,” its particular office was manifestly confined to cases of weakness and despondency : in no other case whatever could it be productive of any but the most mischievous effects, and even in the two cases before mentioned, history informs us that it was repeatedly unsuccessful. Is it possible, then, that the same balsam can renovate the constitution of a *bull*, and assuage the colic of a *horse*, remove the consumption of an *ape*, and dissipate the ague of a *jackass*? The Balsam of Gilead itself is only competent to this!!!

At the time we are speaking of, the forests were encumbered with a tribe of hypochondriac and valetudinarian animals, whose lives were as useless to the community as burthensome to themselves ; and it was among these classes of patients that the quack acquitted himself with the greatest dexterity. Experience soon taught him that to cure a patient, and to persuade him that his sickness was removed, amounted to one and the same

thing. He knew that there are a description of infirmities which may be cured without difficulty, provided the doctor can convey his balsam through the medium of the imagination and the passions. This art our Fox possessed in a supereminent degree. Count Fathom himself was not more expert, nor the Jew Solomon more successful in this branch of surgery. The high price of his nostrum was considered by the fools, his patients, as a proof of its intrinsic excellence; the proclamations and attestations with which he inundated the world, served to gratify the vanity of the great, and the quack obtained from them that homage, which lofty pretensions, accompanied with shew and artifice, seldom fail to obtain.

Dissimulation, however it may flourish for a moment, is incapable of enduring for a long period of time. The gorgeous fabric which it erects, is destitute of foundation and strength; and the force of investigation, which truth alone can resist, assails it without effect, and the possessor is interred in the ruins. So long as the poisonous empiric chose to circumscribe his murders to the lunatic, the melancholic, and the splenetic—so long as he contented himself with dispatching those only, whom cruelty would have spared, he was permitted to continue his operations without controul. But when, forgetful of the boundaries which policy had prescribed him, he extended the influence of his poisons to the retreats of industry and virtue, the consequences became somewhat too serious, and his tragedies were speedily brought to a conclusion. Amidst the multitude of patients whom he had sent to their long home, there was a Knaresborough *bullock*, the purity of whose character caused a general lamentation for his untimely end. Murmurs, loud and deep, were raised by all classes of brutes; every one observed the transaction with sorrow and indignation, and the most horrible imprecations were invoked upon the head of the assassin. The circumstance at last came to the ears of his *majesty* the *lion*, who forthwith commissioned the *tyger*, his attorney-general, to impanel a jury of respectable *oxen* to

sit upon the deceased, and bring in their verdict accordingly. These orders of the lion were obeyed with cheerfulness; the jurymen were chosen; the corpse was inspected; and the verdict they returned was, "*killed by the balsam of Dr. Fox.*"

To attempt a description of the feelings of the impostor, upon the publicity of this unprecedented verdict, would be to expose the feebleness of my own abilities. Recal to your memory the inmate of a modern Bridewell—read over Mr. Pope's paper on the madness of John Dennis—look at the caricature of the "Lethbridge Up-roar,"—pay a visit to —— at the present day, and you will be able to form a tolerable correct idea of the state of our hero. In vain did he bluster and curse, and threaten eternal vengeance upon the heads of the jurors—in vain did he attempt to silence the clamours of the public by the cravings of his asses—and in vain did he pledge himself to prove that his balsam was not the cause of the death of the ox. Public opinion was decidedly in opposition to his pretensions, and every effort which he made to regain his popularity was successless and contemptible. The publication of a curious document, entitled "*a Statement of Facts,*" was treated with disdain, and redounded to the infamy of the quack. It was clearly demonstrated by a relation of the defunct, to be nothing more than a tissue of lies, invented by the doctor for the purpose of counteracting the indignation of the public. The jackass who proclaimed "*the Statement of Facts,*" was marked out as the victim of popular fury, and it was only by an entire relinquishment of his services to the doctor that he escaped with his life.

As the current of the quack's success had been quick, so was his decline proportionably rapid. His reputation as a physician was incorporated with the reputation of his balsam, and the disgrace of the one necessarily involved that of the other. It was now that the eyes of the public were opened, and now it was that his impositions were discovered, and stigmatized with the merited opprobrium.

No longer was he able to persuade the brutes that his balsam was compounded of pure "*Virgin Gold*," and no longer was he able to enrich himself at the expence of their credulity. From a too eager perseverance in the work of redeeming his credit, his finances became deranged, and his spirits subdued. His jack-asses and monkeys forsook him when the payment of their wages had ceased, and some of the latter were sincere enough to betray his confidence and promulgate their own shame. Balsam House, the usual place of his abode, was seized by his relentless creditors, the furniture was taken away, the distillery was pulled down, and the whole stock of balsam was condemned as poisonous and thrown to the ground. The quack himself was conducted by the *hyena* to a prison, in which after lingering in a state of despondency for two years, he put an end to his existence by a draught of that balsam which had been the source of his opulence and the cause of his disgrace.

S.

Τὸ Θεῖον ἄγει κακὸς πρὸς δίκην.

THEATRICAL EXTRACT.

SIR,

CHANCE having thrown into my way a letter from one of our dramatic performers, wherein I conceived there was a tolerable play upon the names of pieces, I obtained permission to take an extract from the same, which if it comes within the scope of your publication, you are at full liberty to make use of. The ingenuity of the reader will, no doubt, perceive something like the stride of a Munchausen in one part; but as it very probably was the production of haste, it should not too rigidly be insisted upon.

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

" *The Venetian Outlaw*, who robbed *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, has had some hair-breadth *Escapes*. During a most violent *Tempest*, he took shelter in *The Smugglers Cave*, by which *Ways and Means*, he avoided the pursuits of the officers of *The Secret Tribunal*, but was near being taken by *The Hunter of the Alps*, had he not been opportunely rescued by *The Mountaineers*. He made his escape, however, from this banditti to *The Lake of Lausanne*; where, meeting with a *Recruiting Serjeant*, he volunteered his services for *The Siege of Belgrade*, but killed *The Poor Soldier* for calling him a *Liar*. He then became a *Deserter*, and made his way to *The Castle of Andalusia*; from thence he discovered *Our Way in France*, and meeting with an *Englishman at Paris*, made a complete *Alchymist* of him, having, with the assistance of a *Spanish Friar*, extracted all his gold, and left him to lament *The Follies of a Day*, in *Netley Abbey*, where he turned *Monk*. From hence our hero retreated to *Fontainville Forest*, and at *The Midnight Hour* joined *The Robbers*, who, after being present at *The Surrender of Calais*, took a *Trip to Dover*, and in a few days got on board *The English Fleet*, where, finding himself out of danger, he was frequently heard to exclaim, *All's well that ends well !*"

MODERN FELICITIES.

SIR,

To address a satirist on the gradual improvement of the world in wisdom and virtue, may at first sight appear more absurd than to harangue a company of soldiers on the blessings of peace, or to lecture a barrister on the uncertainty of law. The very title of your work implies the prevalence of vice and corruption; and since other people and other ages have required no periodical censor, the establishment of the SCOURGE would at first

sight be regarded as a proof that the English nation had proceeded in the course of wickedness and folly far beyond the most unlimited advance of any former period.

A cursory survey, however, of the multiplied comforts and advantages and delights peculiar to this happy nation, so far transcending in degree whatever has been witnessed in the rival countries of Europe, will at once convince you of the improvement of the present generation in goodness, wisdom, and philanthropy, and lead you to a proper estimation of your own exertions. Where virtue and felicity are the characteristics of a great people, of what use are the labours of the satirist? and that we are arrived at such a state as to be unsusceptible of amendment, will appear from the tenor of my subsequent observations.

There cannot be a greater evidence of national felicity, or a more copious source of general prosperity and contentment, than the pressure of taxes. Voltaire having excited the sympathy of a friend on account of a garden for which he was annually subject to an enormous rent, replied, to his commiseration, "Be easy, friend; I could not have paid it, if I had not received it." Such is the situation of the English people. With a national debt of eight hundred millions, and annual taxes to the amount of one hundred millions, how could Britain support so enormous a debt and expenditure, were not she mistress of the wealth of the world, and unrivalled by friend and foe in productive industry? What a noble idea does it not afford us of the activity, the patience, and the wisdom of this indefatigable people, that the full amount of the taxes should be not only paid, but paid without any indication of discontent, except an occasional insurrection and riot in the inland counties, a few accidental bankruptcies, and the annual execution of one hundred criminals for forgery. It has been well observed that much of our felicity depends upon active exertion of the mind or body; and so well calculated is the pressure of taxes to promote the happiness of the English people,

that it compels them to keep all their faculties in motion, to work without intermission from morning till night, and to think without sleeping from night till morning. Among the poor in particular all the foolish gaiety of life, all the superfluous ornaments of dress and luxuries of the table, all the dangerous incitements and opportunities of occasional leisure, are unknown. "The active exertion" of all the faculties—temperance, prudence, chastity, and industry, continual labour, and exemplary abstinence, are virtues above all others conducive to the felicity of mankind, and are powerfully created and enforced by the *pressure of taxation*.

But while taxation thus effectually contributes to the virtue, and consequently to the felicity of the poor, still more decidedly does it tend to the convenience and advantage of the rich. The usurer, the financier, the heads of the public offices, and the commissioners of taxes, all participate in the pecuniary contingencies attached to the collection of so enormous a revenue.

The continuance of the war is one of the most copious and evident sources of national felicity. Of what avail are all the splendours of a throne, or all the enjoyments of a people, without fetes, and turtle soups, and venison pasties, and fire-works, and universal illuminations; and on what occasions could they be so profitably employed as in celebrating the victories of an English general? The continuance of the war is the only security for the prosperity and existence of contractors, commissaries, agents, treasurers, and money-lenders; a race of men to whom the nation is indebted for splendid balls, voluptuous suppers, extensive villas, and all that can contribute to the enjoyment and the luxury of life. Compared with the good living and the hilarity of a country at war, the dull and every day comforts of a time of peace, are lifeless and forbidding. The turtle dinners, the subscription feasts, the sumptuous plate, the gorgeous carriage, the stud of hunters, the country houses, and the long train of attendants, that reward the labours, and indicate the im-

portance of an apothecary-general, a minister of foreign affairs, a commissioner of enquiry, and a loan-lending alderman, would vanish from our view; and the beautiful and enviable magnificence of the warlike and the wealthy give place to the vulgar spectacles of contented faces and comfortable houses.

Had not the continuance of the war materially contributed to the support and prosperity of the 'friends of social order and our holy religion,' the splendour of many "great and famous men, and their fathers that begat them," would never have pervaded beyond the narrow circle of their domestic connection. The eloquence of Canning would never have been heard beyond the chambers of King's College, Cambridge; the nose of Sir William Curtis would have remained untinged by the hue of burgundy, and the villas of Valentine Jones would not have delighted the view of the exulting people at whose expence they were erected. The glories of Mrs. Clarke would have remained unveiled, and the wisdom of Castlereagh have evaporated in the management of potatoe grounds, and the persecution of rabbits.

But independent, Sir, of the pressure of taxes, and the continuance of the war, it is impossible to look into a newspaper without being astonished and confounded at the wonderful improvement which has been effected in every branch of national and domestic economy. I have now before me an infallible cure for consumption; a panacea that cures the head-ache in a minute; a boat that sails against wind and tide, without the agency of man; wigs that communicate elegance to youth, and dignity to age; a prolific oil that covers the face with luxuriant whiskers after four applications; cooking apparatus that roast and boil without the application of fire; and self-preserving boats that will not permit you to be drowned. I have not understood that any of these inventions had been discovered in the time of our forefathers, and the public promulgation of articles so well adapted to the pleasure and convenience of man, is surely

the most decisive evidence of the superiority of the present over all the preceding generations.

In literature, Sir, our progress is not less extraordinary than in arts or manners. An epic poet, in former ages, was regarded as a prodigy; the present age is favoured with a dozen. The productions of older bards were the results of time, and labour, and perseverance; the effusions of our modern bards are committed to the press as fast as they are written, at the rate of a sheet a day: and as poems are valued in the ratio of the rapidity with which they are composed, nothing is more usual than for a versifier to pay a visit for a few weeks to some rustic friend, and begin and complete his quarto before his return to town. The poets of former days were anxious to respect the established purity of our language, to venerate the great masters of the heroic and lyric lyre, and to unite sublimity or pathos of idea with elegance of verse, and chastity of expression. To a modern author these are restraints and observances unworthy the dignity of genius. There is no vulgarity, no inelegance of expression to which caprice or indolence will not induce him to resort. Variety of excellence was the great object of Milton and Pope, but the Scotts and the Southey's attempt to produce variety by debasing excellence. Prosaic lines are intermixed with passages combining all the qualities of poetry, in order to relieve the monotony of verse, and the regular measures of the language disgraced by becoming the companions of all the capricious experiments in verse that could be invented by human ingenuity. Such is their boldness of criticism, and such their love of literary freedom!

But I have already adduced sufficient reasons, for a single essay, of the truth of my position. In my next letter I shall prove it more extensively by an appeal to the Drama and the Cabinet.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

A SPECULATOR.

LIVING ANIMALS

SELECTED TO

RANGE IN THE R—— P——.

THE RAVEN*.

Now perch'd upon the old yew tree,
 The *Raven*, black as black can be,
 Harsh croaks emitting direful sound ;
 Yet countless beasts the tree surround,
 As if entranc'd to hear a knell,
 Foreboding feats then hatch'd in hell.

And now with fast approaching night,
 This bird begins portentous flight,
 Spreads sooty pinions to the gale,
 Till scents obnoxious beak inhale,
 Then down he darts to gorge at will,
 And on foul garbage gluts his fill.

Yet though this bird's external guise
 Shews ebony colour to the eyes ;
 Could you but see the heart within,
 'Tis far more grim'd and black with sin ;
 For there's no vice can deadlier be
 Than blighting spotless purity.

* Or *corvus corax* of Linnæus, in ornithology ; a bird of the crow kind having a black plumage, the symbol of its infernal instinct. This feathered creature is well known in Scotland, though generally prefers taking flight to England for the sake of plunder and personal aggrandizement. The *Raven* is noted for constructing its nest near lofty palaces, where it is ready to follow the most loathsome and dirty avocations in order to acquire pelf. With its superiors it is a very docile bird, and is held by princes and rulers in the same veneration as the vultures are in Egypt, and for the same reason, because it devours putrid carcases and other filth which are a nuisance to the multitude at large.—Ravens are remarked to fly in pairs in fine weather ; and, as if to disconcert the harmony of the spheres, they are always heard upon such occasions to utter a deep loud croaking, which although captivating with many high titled animals, are uniformly hooted at by the whole progeny of *John Bull Calf*, which has sent this detestable bird and its mate to Coventry.

Avaunt, fell *Raven*, fly forlorn,
 Degraded with the badge of scorn;
 Thy croakings ominous, no more
 Shall taint the sons of Albion's shore;
 Go, ring thy knell of infamy,
 Perch'd on the *Boan Upas** tree.

THE LYNX†.

While gazing on this beast appall'd I stand,
 For though a female naught appears that's bland,
 Stamp'd on its visage cruelty's confess'd,
 While malice holds emporium o'er the breast;
 Its piercing eyes the bosom's thirst impart,
 Greedy to feast upon the *White Doe's* heart:
 And now it darts towards the deer,
 The timid chaste one flies;
 When, lo! a *Terrier* in the rear
 The cruel hunt describes.

The dog indignant knows no touch of dread,
 So speeds to *Lion's* den by mercy led;

* A celebrated tree in the island of Java, whose poisonous properties are so deadly, that neither the human or animal race, bird, or fish can exist within a vortex of some miles of its infectious growth, while the venomous oozings from its trunk will produce death in a very few seconds after inoculation.

†In *Zoology* the name of a very fierce beast of prey, denominated by Latin authors the *lupus cervarius*, or *deer-wolf*, from its loving to feed on DEER. This animal, according to the Linnæan system, is a species of *felis* or CAT, with a black tail and ears, as symbolical of the *Devil*. The skin of the *Lynx* is varied in colour to denote the power of its instinct in framing a thousand varnished but glaring impositions. Its eyes bright and vivid, are expressive of every infernal passion that can inhabit the breast of a brute, while its tongue rough like that of the *Lion*, is peculiarly adapted to poison and lacerate the bosom of unoffending innocence and purity.

The *Lynx* is an inhabitant of the northern parts of Europe, Asia and America, and is also found wild in Italy and Germany: it was never supposed by Buffon or other naturalists to be seen in England, though within a recent period several have been discovered, but none so savage as this creature selected for the *Regency Park*, which is found to surpass in cruelty, falsehood and depravity all other varieties of this creature which have appeared in the regions of the habitable globe.

And to the forest monarch bending low,
 Unveils the source of all his bosom's woe,
 When straight the Lion burning with disdain,
 Affrights with angry roar his wide domain,
 Sprints from his den, and wing'd with speed,
 Scours o'er the champaign wide,
 And just arrives to stay the deed,
 And gall the *Lynx's* side.

"Detested beast, speed hence," the *Lion* cried;
 "No germ of honour is to thee allied;
 Thy bosom fœtid is corruption's stye,
 While thirst of blood is blazon'd in thine eye,
 Begone, I say, and henceforth live to know,
 That ev'ry goodly beast is rank'd thy foe;
 Nor shall delinquents 'scape the rod,
 Who dar'd suborn thine aid;"
 The *Lynx* obey'd the dreaded nod,
 And skulk'd to horror's shade.

The kingly beast then fixing eyes upon
 The trembling *White Doe*, thus bespoke anon;
 "Arise, chaste suff'rer, henceforth banish dread,
 The murd'rous band affrighted, now is fled;
 My paw has sav'd thee and its purpose marr'd,
John Bull Calf's sons are now thy *body guard*:
 Thine honour thus secure from harm,
 Sheds virtue's placid beams;
 Truth the bright Talismanic charm,
 That still triumphant gleams."

THE CHASTE OR WHITE DOE.

Virtutem videant, intabes cantque relictæ.

Juvenal.

Let the deprav'd behold bright Virtue's guise,
 And pine to think they shunn'd her radiant skies,

The chaste or White Doe from a foreign shore,
 To live in England fam'd, was wafted o'er,
 For hospitality afar renown'd:
 Its fancy pictur'd halcyon days in view,
 Ah! me, poor Doe, thou cam'st thy fate to rue,
 And feel of calumny the goading wound,

Thy Back, though bound to thee by sacred bands,
Unmindful quite of Hymen's pure commands,
Left thee ere yet the honey moon expir'd :
But fate, to lull thy undeserving pain,
Gave thee for antidote to sooth the bane,
A lovely She with virtue's glow inspir'd.

Blest with its tender love thy breast serene,
Ne'er pants for honours that should greet a queen ;
Arm'd with bright virtue and approving mind,
With front erect and true majestic air,
To guard thy fame is now thy ceaseless care,
And waft base falsehoods to the passing wind.

The *Old Buck* foil'd with care conceals his head,
The wounded *Lynx* now wreathing flies in dread,
And hush'd are croakings of the *Raven* fell ;
The arch *Hyæna* shews its fangs in vain :
The lordly *Lion* and his *Bull Calf* train,
Appal thy foes with truth's omniscient spell.

THE KIDLING.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.—Ovid.

The mind when conscious that its deeds are just,
In rumour's tale ne'er thinks of placing trust.

Sportive now the *Kidling* view,
To affection's mandate true ;
See, impell'd by pow'rs above,
In her breast reigns heav'nly love ;
Guilt she knows ;—the baleful blast,
At the *White Doe* never cast ;
So by duty prompted ever
Naught the heavenly bond can sever.

* It is extremely fortunate for the *White Doe* that no inordinate thirst of ambition predominates over its instinct ; as, in such case, she would experience the most heart-wounding occurrences : witness a late visit to the gardens at Vauxhall, where the *Penguin*, and many other animals of its coterie, conducted themselves in a manner so pointedly indecorous as to deserve the title of any thing but civilization or good breeding.

Threats* *Old Buck* has breath'd in vain,
 Naught cou'd *Kidling's* love restrain;
 And *Hyæna* grinn'd with spite,
 Nothing cou'd its soul affright;
 Playful still though keen in mind,†
 Of each beast it knows the *kind*;
 Nor can aught resentment smother,
 'Gainst those fiends that slurr'd another.

Freely range the new Park wild,
 Pure affection's darling child;
 Shun, O! shun the baleful crew,
 Still keep *innocence* in view;
 Still the *White Doe's* cause enshield,
 And truth's sacred banner wield:
 So shall fame record the story
 Weaving *crown* of fadeless glory.

* It has very currently been reported, that the *Old Buck* and the *Hyæna* have frequently remonstrated with the *Kidling*, giving it as their decided opinion, that she ought not to herd with the *White Doe*; and upon one occasion in particular, after a conversation of the above nature had transpired, the *Kidling* on taking leave of the *Old Buck*, made this remark: "If horses know how to obey their driver, and a coachman feels what is due to his employer, then I only have to add that I shall go from hence to *Blackheath*." It is almost needless to state, that the vehicle instantly proceeded in that direction.

† From a source on which the writer can implicitly depend, he is enabled to delineate the prominent characteristics of the *Kidling's* mind, which consist in a peculiar sprightliness of disposition, and acuteness of intellect: In issuing her commands she is prompt in the extreme, nay, in so much so, that it is frequently very difficult to follow the train of her conversation. The *Kidling* has a due sense of her rank among animals, and although very affable to such as are in the constant habits of herding with her, they nevertheless know full well that her dignity must not be infringed upon. On the score of the finer affections, her public conduct towards the *Chaste Doe*, in direct opposition to every impediment placed in her way, is a sufficient indication that her heart is alive to all the exquisite pulsations of refined sensibility. With regard to decision of character and spirit in acting, she has given the most incontestible proofs of being eminently gifted with both sentiments; therefore with such mental requisites, it is only devoutly to be wished, that the *Kidling's* life may be long, and her future career prove productive of individual peace and public prosperity.

THE LION.*

Deus hæc fortasse benigna

Reducet in sedem vice.—Horace.

All gracious heav'n perhaps may change our state,
Exalt the Good, debase the GUILTY GREAT.

MARK where the monarch of the bestial band,
Moves on sedate,
In lordly state ;

And now he shakes his shaggy mane,
His roarings echo o'er the plain,
And to and fro his tail he throws,
For lo ! a tribe of *Bull Calf's* foes,

Deaf to his groans and reason's stern command,
Glut on the produce of the sea-girt land.†

Indignant now the sov'reign of the wood,
With rapid stride,
And conscious pride,

Rushes amidst these harpies fell,
And *truth* proclaims with clarion knell
They shrink enhorror'd from the din,
Enrolling plunder, blood and sin ;

Yet still the senseless route maintains its hold
Its practice CARNAGE, and its object GOLD.

*The Lion, or *Leo* in the Linnean system of zoology, is denominated the most noble of the beastly train: its appearance is an indication of its corporeal powers, and the peculiar expression of the eye demonstrates intellectual penetration.—Its powers of attack and defence are proverbially terrific ; and its tongue, which is remarkable for roughness and rigidity, is the type of its stentorian bellowings, when it becomes infuriated by the dastardly attacks of its opponents. It is a common observation, that this creature sleeps with its eyes open, which although a mistaken notion, seems almost verified by the watchfulness of the particular specimen of this creature stationed in the R——y Park. It is now in perfect bodily health, and in the plenitude of its instinct, a circumstance very gratifying indeed to the Bull Calf tribe, which never before stood in such want of protectership.

† The very spirited manner with which this truly noble beast has upon all occasions resisted the shameful inroads of other noxious and detestable animals upon the freedom of John Bull Calf, is deserving of the most unqualified applause ; added to this, his nervous mode of procedure, in regard to the *Penguin's* delinquency, as well as every thing which bore reference to the persecutions adopted against the chaste White Doe, is a further proof, of the noble instinct so universally allowed to inhabit the breast of this monarch of the woods.

Malicious Falsehood now uprears its crest,
 Base slander flies,
 And hideous lies,
 Levell'd at *innocence* resound ;
 But *fate* unveils the *art profound*
 The monsters 'fore the *Lion* fly,
 † INVESTIGATION meets the eye ;
 When beasts by millions laud the *Doe* oppress'd,
 And pour soft balm into her wounded breast,
 Within his den the wary monarch lies,
 His constant aim,
 To pounce on game,
 That void of honesty and parts,
 With vicious minds, and gangren'd hearts,
 Pollute the oak *Britannia's* tree
 And rob the beasts of *liberty* :
 O ! may his paw the hydra fell surprize,
 For should they longer reign†—*John Bull Calf* DIES!

† Nothing could be more truly gratifying to the feelings of the party implicated in a certain DELICATE INVESTIGATION which was ushered into publicity through the medium of A BOOK, than the universal shout of INNOCENCE, that reverberated from one extremity of this island to the other, while the popular execration that was heaped upon the head of predetermined malicious deterioration evinced the glorious triumph of sacred truth, and the horror with which guilty contumacy was regarded by a generous and enlightened nation.

‡ Of all the greedy and unenlightened herd of brutes that ever yet devoured with remorseless fury the fair produce of an exuberant soil, no one perhaps ever surpassed these domineering beasts of R——y Park. If we talk of rapacity, a swarm of locusts infesting the burning regions of the East, could not outvie them ; notwithstanding which, so much is the Old Buck addicted to personal gratifications, that wholly regardless of Bull Calf's dissatisfaction, he permits them to gorge, devastate, and domineer with impunity. As for the TALENTS of other animals, I shall not trouble myself to descant further upon the subject, than to assert that comparisons would be odious ; and I will also add, that the requisites possessed by the brutes in question are altogether below mediocrity : they are the refuse of every herd, and the very scum of corruption ; in short, there is not one solitary animal throughout the whole group that is possessed of the ability requisite for the support of the station he has usurped: each like an Ixion toils in vain against the huge and ponderous burthen which uniformly overpowers him, for where nothing sterling is to be elicited from the brain, the consequent result must prove irretrievable disgrace and inevitable destruction.

ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

“ And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over the cattle.”—MOSES.

FROM the beneficent nature of an all-wise, all-merciful Creator, it is properly consistent to infer, that although this high authority was delegated unto man, nevertheless, a virtual salvo must necessarily be understood, that these creatures were only given him in trust, to be subservient under limitations to his power, to administer to his wants, to operate in aid of his comforts, and in every reasonable degree to enhance his pleasures; but a certain line of reciprocity seems to be intellectually marked out; for obedience the animal claims protection, for benefits enjoyed through his means—gratitude: the *Lord* must be sunk in the *indulgent master*, or the ends of divine providence are evidently thwarted, and omnipotence most outrageously insulted.

Custom has sanctioned among us many barbarities, and hearts, otherwise apparently tender, become callous by the repetition of cruelty. In the art culinary, especially, what refinement in torture is resorted to: yet habit seems to have congealed the eye of pity, and gratification of appetite seared us into contempt of contemplating anguish in *creatures so infinitely beneath us*—Insolent thought!—Shall man presume dogmatically to ascertain the precise link he holds in the chain of created beings? To arrogantly assume there is scarcely one single step betwixt him and divinity?

“ In striving to be gods, e’en angels fell;
In striving to be angels, men rebel.”

And could but overweening pride submit for a moment

to hear the voice of humanity, reflection perhaps might teach us that the meanest insect we daily tread upon, is not so far removed below us, as we are distant from the centre of perfection.

The goodness of Lord Erskine's heart induced him, some time since, to endeavour the obtaining of a bill, in order to inflict some kind of punishment on those who were guilty of inflicting wanton cruelty on animals—it failed, and in some measure the failure was fortunate; for, had it passed into a law, the power by it, thrown into the hands of a certain class of men, would, in its operations, have been found extremely partial and oppressive: indeed I am not without serious doubts, whether some men might not have had their boots soaked in the blood of a horse, and have passed with impunity, nay, perhaps have received applause, whilst others would have felt the heaviest penalties of the statutes, for merely a crimson stain upon the spur. How very differently nearly equal acts are now a days estimated may be illustrated by the following examples. A few months since, a butcher from the country having attended the market at Nottingham to a late hour, (as is the custom at that place) and having made that late hour considerably later, at length rolled into his cart and draws off. Sleep soon overpowered him, and what was a most extraordinary circumstance, the horse, which was perfectly sober, after going about two miles, turned off from the main to a bye road. He had not travelled long before the carriage upset, and out tumbled the butcher. It required some time to discover where he was, and how situated; recollection at length came, but accompanied by the most brutal wrath; infuriated, he seized his *cleaver*, and forthwith attacked with all his might the unfortunate horse, leaving him a most miserable mangled spectacle, and in his opinion dead. The affair became bruited the next morning, and the country were horror-stricken at the barbarity of the wretch, who had perpetrated the act. There is not on record so general a burst of indignation as that experienced wherever

the flagrant occurrence was related. Nay, more, a prosecution was threatened by the sable magistracy; but on taking the opinion of some of their more sapient lay brethren, wisely declined. Amidst all the justly excited indignation which clainoured in his ears from every quarter, the callous culprit exhibited not the least signs of contrition; but with the most hardened surliness replied, "*the beast was his own, and it was not any business to them.*" This, in course, only served to augment the execrations against him; the fact still sticks close to him, and he will continue to be deservedly reprobated to the latest period of his existence. And it is very easy to imagine what would have been the *country butcher's* lot had the proposed bill have been allowed to form a part of the *law of the land*. Now let us observe how the effect of cruelty was received in another quarter.

At a small distance from Nottingham resides an *opulent farmer*, a man of strict integrity, and against whose tenderness of disposition not any accusation is extant. This person has in his possession a very valuable bull—noted for his stock—the theme of the surrounding *agricultural societies*. By some means, whether the beast was disgusted at men or measures, or both, is not determined, but he began to show strong symptoms of an ungracious tendency; the symptoms increasing it was judged not quite safe to approach him. Formerly when a bull was denounced as dangerous, he was without much ceremony knocked on the head, and his flesh sold to the neighbouring poor; but against this old fashioned mode wonder-working interest opposed a strong demurrer: each effort of his procreative faculty procured a *guinea*—what was to be done?—the profits of his labour could not *wisely* be abandoned, and in order that it might be proceeded in with personal security, what was done?—his mercenary master *put out his eyes*—deprived the poor animal of the light of heaven!!! Oh, Farmer,

“Had there but been a moth in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand’ring hair,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense:
 Then, feeling what small things are hoist’rous there,
 Your hard intent must have seemed horrible.”

There was no general outcry raised against this act—no threatenings of prosecution—no shunning of society—I beg pardon, no *cutting* him—it was frequently stiled a *pro bono publico* transaction: Nay, the very persons who scouted the coarse but legal plea of the *country butcher*, now, if a murmur was issued against the *opulent farmer*, instantly retorted. “*The beast was his own, and he had a right to use him as he pleased.*” It is by no means difficult to decide what trifling effect any statute would have had in this case. I am not casuist enough in the degrees of inhumanity to arrange these two examples scientifically on the scale of enormity; yet there does appear to me to be some difference between one man in the tornado of mad intoxication actually *destroying his property*, and another, goaded by the impulse of avarice, by cold-blooded interest, by mere lucre, *preserving his*, under the infliction of the most exquisite of tortures. From the inmost recesses of my soul I despise both. Talk of light not being of any consequence to *things like those!* The impudence of such an expression can only be equalled by its stupidity. Bird, beast, fish, insect, all the productions of nature are joint tenants with this would-be demi-angel; and the moment *man* commences *tyrant*, the original compact between him and his Creator is instantly dissolved. And let it be indelibly impressed on every human mind, that he who wantonly oppresses or contemns any of the *animated works of nature*, through them, with the most daring temerity, insults the GOD OF NATURE!

Southwell,

FLAGELLANTUS.

16th September, 1813.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

(Concluded from page 148.)

OUR heroine had not calculated with precision, the time she should arrive at her father's house on Mutton Hill, nor had she for a moment reflected on the unfrequency of the hour ; she essayed from her lodgings like all true heroines, who *give way* to the impulse of the moment, these were things beneath her consideration.

Sukey expected to arrive at the place of her nativity before bed time, unknown and unseen ; but she was mistaken in her expectations, for the roads were rendered so slippery by the frost coming suddenly upon the rain, the weight of her child, &c. that it was impossible, admitting the hours of Clerkenwell to be the most fashionable and consequently late.

St. Giles's clock struck two while panting with fatigue she pursued her way across the Seven Dials, apprehensive at every step ; every shop was closed dealing in that delightful spirit, "*ladies cordial*," better known by the quaint name of *jackey*, and the few pence in her pocket slumbered there useless for the time. "Ah," she exclaimed with unaffected pathos, while a tear of disappointment trembled in the corner of her eye, "what is money?—money is—useless at two o'clock in the morning, unless indeed a night-house were near." "Past two o'clock!" interrupted the watchman.

"Hold your *jaw*," emphatically replied Sukey in disappointment and vexation, having been interrupted in a train of reflection and a flow of thought congenial with the present state of her feelings. Then recollecting a species of wit, very popular in her neighbourhood, and highly amusing among the dainty boys of Clerkenwell, she exclaimed, "you are a pretty fellow to be trusted with a secret." The dignity of the guardian of the night was somewhat ruffled, "Get along, you ——" he vociferated, and the dialogue concluded.

Sukey was now arrived in Broad-street St. Giles's, the Holborn end; her knees smote each other with the weight of her burthen, and she was far from feeling the cold by the swiftness of her pace, although a few apertures in her garments, created by time and chance, were favourable to its admission.

Crossing Drury-lane her ears were assailed by the melodious notes of a Jew's-harp, played with a considerable degree of feeling, and she stopped for a moment to listen from whence they came. She thought she saw a human form crossing the road, but whether it was human or not she could not tell, though the circumstance of its playing the Jew's-harp gave stamina to the former suggestion—she had a mortal antipathy to dogs, and the canine malady was raging at the time—thus she became almost motionless with terror. However, partly recovering from her fright, and reasonably thinking that a dog could not play on the Jew's-harp, she increased her step, and gained Holborn—she had not proceeded many steps when the object of her alarm approached her—it was a man—“perhaps a poor houseless wanderer, like myself,” internally ejaculated Sukey, “in want of a companion—if so, I shall rejoice in such a rencontre.”*

As this reflection crossed her mind, she drew towards the stranger; but what language can express her chagrin, disappointment, and visible suspicions, when she found that it was no Jew's-harp which she had heard, but the clanking of a *chain*, fastened to the ancle of the stranger. Sukey was by no means what is *beautifully* termed a ninny. She could tell a mouse from a mustard-pot at first sight without pausing for a moment's consideration; and she exclaimed, on the present occasion, “Surely he must be

* The heroine of Mrs. Opie's tale, it will be found upon reference to her work, was similarly situated, and made use of just the same exclamation, “a wanderer like myself in want of a *companion*, if so I shall rejoice in such a *rencontre*.”—We think the exclamation perfectly natural and appropriate to a young lady found in the streets at two o'clock in the morning.—EDITOR.

some felon. Oh, my poor boy! perhaps we shall both be murdered."

A cold tremor crept over her frame, as the atrocities of a Nicholson, a Williams, and a Leary, crossed her recollection—her step faltered, and her strength failed—then with a desperation characteristic of a heroine, she rushed forward determined to put an end to suspense, and meet her fate at once—if it was to be—

She experienced no interruption, however, until she arrived at Middle-row—no watchman was near—Holborn seemed a dreary waste, the lamps were expiring, and shed a melancholy light upon the frosty pavement. The stranger pounced upon her with an alarming wildness, and instead of a knock-down blow, with a hollow voice, thus addressed her, "Woman, how do you do?" Sukey, with respectful terror, and we all know how very respectful terror is, replied, "Pretty well, I thank you."

The stranger then, in a very hurried and exulting accent, cried "D—me, I have escaped them, the rogues and rascals, I have escaped them;" and jumping about expressive of his glee, his fetters clanked in horrid exultation.

The noise of his chain awoke slumbering little Paddy, in the arms of Sukey, who, seeing the strange object before him, and in anger at being disturbed, cried lustily, as children sometimes will.

"D—n the brat," exclaimed the stranger; "d—n the brat—smother it—I hate children." The child continued its vociferous roar—"smother it—strangle it—strangle it, instantly," he cried, "or ——." Sukey was almost frantic with a mother's terror; she conjured the child to be silent—the stranger was still violent, and she endeavoured to soften him by saying she had an eighteen-penny piece in her pocket, and that if he would walk quietly along with her to Field-lane, she would treat him with a glass. Somewhat appeased he walked a few steps, but hearing the watchman's hoarse throat crying the hour at a little distance, with a very natural

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and pathetic imprecation he betook himself to flight, swearing the rascals would discover him—a reflecting lamp at this instant shedding its ray upon the lean countenance of the man—Sukey, to her inexpressible astonishment, discovered—who?—her father, Old Winterbottom!

It was indeed the old pie merchant, driven to petty larceny by his daughter's desertion and disgrace.

After Sukey eloped Winterbottom neglected his business, and talked of nothing but badger-baiting and cock-fighting, chuck-farthing and nine-pins. In vain did his friends represent to him the necessity of minding his business, but he invariably replied, "she for whom I toiled has left me, she has carried away my moveable shop; I cannot buy another, and I don't care a tailor's curse for any thing, or what becomes of me."

Month after month elapsed; Sukey returned not; and he learned from indubitable authority that she lived the acknowledged mistress of Paddy Shannon, and took in washing from his comrades.

This was too much; he took it greatly to heart, and was always seen at the tap-room table of the Pig and Whistle; his trade gone, his credit ruined, and his partiality for strong beer and spirits increasing his expences, needed support, and being of a philosophic turn, knowing that a man is *not* robbed provided he is not *apprised* of the loss, Winterbottom took to the lucrative pursuit of removing little light articles from public shops which could be easily conveyed away, and not speedily missed. In one of these exploits it was his singular ill-fortune to be detected, and the surly shopkeeper had him safely lodged in Cold Bath-fields prison; a few irregularities had procured for him in that respectable establishment a fetter to his leg. He had on this evening effected his escape, and in the first moment of flight directed his course towards St. Giles's; but recollecting that he had many friends in his old neighbourhood, he was retracing his steps towards Mutton Hill when he overtook his daughter.

Winterbottom fled with so much rapidity that the utmost speed of Sukey could not overtake him—breathless and faint she rested herself against the wall in front of St. Andrew's, and mournfully exclaimed with tearful eye, and hand turning over the eighteen-penny piece in her pocket—"Thank God, my old dad has not lost the use of his limbs!"

To those who are acquainted with the geography of Holborn, it will not be requisite to point out that immediately at the bottom of the hill stands Field-lane, at the corner of which is a very celebrated gin-shop, remarkable for its extensive trade in that salutary cordial. When Sukey was thumbing her eighteen-penny piece, her eye rested upon the well-known door of the shop, which she perceived was open; to think and to act was almost spontaneous and coeval with her: thus she was safely lodged by side the bar almost immediately, and as instantly refreshed by a glass of comfort. Another glass, and renovation began to operate on her limbs; another, and it circulated through her veins; another, and the cold was dispelled by spirituous warmth—she left the shop, and pursued her route.

At Little Saffron-hill recollections were pressed upon her mind, and many pleasing, many of a painful description. Here she remembered often to have sat beneath the solitary shade of a pent-house, listening to the amorous tale of Joey, a respectable sandman's eldest son, who wooed her—there she recognized an old house that long had tottered to the storm, and wondered at its resistance; then on the other side still was seen the name gracing the shop-front of a receiver of stolen goods. "Fortunate man," she involuntarily exclaimed; "I had thought thou hadst long crossed the herring-pond, and thy escape surprises me."

The master and mistress of a respectable sausage shop at this moment opening their windows, Sukey begged hard for an asylum for an hour or two, for herself and child, which the people being somewhat more humane

than the generality of butchers, readily granted. Her joy was now excessive; several boys were chopping meat; she embraced them all, declaring if ever she should be rich she would make all their fortunes, and give them as much as they could drink.

These, and a variety of similar exclamations naturally excited wonder in the breasts of the sausage butcher and his wife, and they began to think that notwithstanding it was so early in the morning, she had had too much, or it was probably the effects of hard drinking from the over-night. These suspicions were greatly increased by her snatching up his steel from a chopping-block, with which she endeavoured to cut her throat. The butcher smiled, and the wife gave a significant shake of the head while she wrenched it from her hand.

Sukey staid to breakfast, and offered her last sixpence in payment, which was declined by the host. After breakfast she prepared to depart, and the master of the house, with great good nature, offered to accompany her to the place of her destination, and carry her child. Sukey gladly accepted his offer, and they departed. Sukey avoided Mutton-hill, fearful she should be seen by some persons who knew her, and being desirous of concealment for the present, she led her companion up Chick-lane.

The house to which Sukey was hastening was that of her schoolmistress, a woman who had always evinced attachment to her, and she now hoped to receive a temporary asylum with her until she could devise some means of creditable living. They arrived at the wished-for spot, and Sukey tapped at the door—it was opened, and wishing her companion good bye, with many thanks, she entered the passage of the house, and recognizing in the person of the girl who opened the door the daughter of her schoolmistress, “Will you admit me, Judy,” she said, in a broken voice, rather faint; “admit you,” returned Judy, “faith, and who are you?” “What do you not know me, or rather will you not?” Judy looked

again. "Why sure it isn't Miss Winterbottom?" "indeed and it is," replied Sukey. Judy dragged her into the house, and closing the door upon her, with much affection declared how happy she was to see her, while she was sorry for her misfortune and all that.

Judy's mother was dead, her husband had run away, and she had nobody to comfort her; she kept a school; Miss Winterbottom offered her services as an assistant, and from former friendship a plan was suggested and adopted by which Sukey was to remain in the house of her friend, and requite her board by assisting in the education of her scholars.

Our heroine, before she had been many hours in the society of Judy, learned all the particulars of the neighbourhood during her absence; heard the tale of her father's misfortunes, and of his confinement in the Cold Bath Fields prison. Judy had likewise in the course of the morning heard of his escape, and his present retreat, which she communicated in full to her guest.

She learned that her father was secreted in the back attic of the *Fly and Treacle Pot*, a well-known public house in the neighbourhood of Cow-lane, the landlord of which had formerly been, and still continued her father's particular friend. Sukey determined immediately to go to the *Fly and Treacle Pot*, and solicit Mr. Keengrim to allow her to see her father; Judy, however, prevailed on her to defer her visit until the evening, and she assented.

At six o'clock, while the family of the Keengrims were seated round the bar-fire, and Carolina Wilhelmina Augusta Keengrim was expecting with impatience the arrival of her lover, Sukey slowly entered the house, and unperceived by the bar company, took her seat at the tap-room table. After a pause of a few minutes, during which she had to contend with many painful sensations fluctuating in her bosom, she tapped gently against the wainscot, and upon the appearance of the pot-boy called for a pint of beer.

The boy started and stammered.

Carolina Wilhelmina, who was listening, springing forward from the bar, exclaimed "surely I know that voice—it is—it must be she." But her father sternly, as fathers sometimes are, rather roughly seizing her by the arm, pushed her back into the bar, saying, "I also know that voice, and d—n you, stay where you are; if you want to preserve your character;" then walking deliberately up to Sukey, and with all the eloquence and elegance characteristic of Cow-lane and its vicinity, he desired her immediately to leave the house, which mild request not being immediately complied with, he swore with a very common imprecation, that she should have no beer there, and commanded the tap-boy to turn her into the street.

"Stay, stay," replied Sukey; the landlord was inexorable, Caroline fainted against the beer-machine, and the pot-boy felt a tear trembling in his eye. Keengrim retired repeating his orders, but the pot-boy was moved as pot-boys sometimes are; he could not put the cruel orders in force. Keengrim shewed again his bald relentless front. "Turn her out before we have a row," he exclaimed.

Sukey felt her blood mount, but checking her emotion, she besought the boy to tell his master that all she wanted was a pint of beer, which she had money enough in her pocket to pay for; and as she knew her father's hiding place, she wished to be admitted to him, to console him, and make some reparation for former misconduct.

Her supplications were in vain—Keengrim finding that no attention was paid to his commands, turned her out himself, and she retraced her steps down Mutton Hill. Sukey, with a heavy heart, returned to Judy, and they sat down together, and from a glass of comfort collected consolation and hope.

Sukey made another effort, which, in spite of the unpromising appearances, was more successful. Keengrim, softened into good humour by a social pipe, paid for by

a tap-room customer, and a liberal supply of those mellifluous fluids, gin and beer, the consumption of which he thought was good for the house, and not injurious to his constitution—softened then by social draughts, taken in quick succession, and all free of expence, Sukey could not have timed it better: she appeared before him, pleaded her tale with considerable ingenuity, and won the heart of the publican—he gave her a draught out of his own pot, and conducted her to the back attic of her father.

She hastened up the stairs with hurried step and beating heart; she stopped on the edge of the landing-place to listen—all was still within—the stillness only now and then faintly interrupted by a puff from lips that seemed to be encircling the clay of a pipe, and distended in giving vent to a cloud of smoke exhaled from that potent herb called *short-cut*.

She opened the door, and beheld her father seated beside the chimney, enveloped in a cloud of smoke: his back was turned towards her, and he did not observe her entrance. Sukey sneezed: Winterbottom started from his seat, and fixed his eyes upon her; then, with a deep drawn sigh, resumed his pipe. This was an awful moment to poor Sukey; her emotions were violent, she burst into tears, and sunk in stupor at his feet. Winterbottom, with seeming unconcern, shook his pipe-ashes over her head, and replenished from a paper that lay open on the table.

Sukey not finding this endearing stratagem succeed in breaking silence from her father, and awakening compassion, rose from the ground, and drawing a chair nearer the table, took a seat beside him. Winterbottom amused himself with watching the ascent of the curling smoke rising from his pipe in clouds, and assuming many fantastic shapes.

Sukey hemmed, Winterbottom coughed: Sukey affectionately turned his pipe aside, and spilt the tobacco. Winterbottom frowned displeasure, but with the mildness of a father, and the tenderness of sentiment.

Sukey hummed the chaste and delicate air of the "christening of little Joey." Winterbottom smiled in satisfaction, but finding the pot was out, his countenance immediately assumed a melancholy hue, and he began that affecting song of Handel's which he used to delight to hear Sukey sing, "Tears such as jolly fathers shed." "I cannot go on, I cannot go on," he observed, and looking at her tenderly, said, "can you?" Sukey, with a bursting heart, began the air, and sung, with exquisite taste, the following afflicting and affecting lines:

"Tears such as toping fathers shed,
When the jovial cup is dry,
For grief to think that small beer dead,
Must gin and porter's place supply."

"Hurrah, hurrah," interrupted Winterbottom with quickness; and now Sukey, with exquisite pain, observed that her father was stupidly drunk, that his reason and recollection were affected, that the steams of the Virginian weed had dried up his brain, and that he was no longer to be considered as sane. The pot-boy entering the room, told Sukey that she must depart, which, after a little reluctance, she consented to, and Winterbottom expressed a wish to see her again, although he knew her not.

The next day Sukey came again, Winterbottom was in bed, but with his usual comforts, and in the same state of inebriety; Sukey joined him, and by degrees, became initiated into his habits, and a partner in his amusements; but it was evident the old man's intellects were shaken beyond recovery—he knew not his daughter, and he indulged in such whimsicalities as to prove the sad havoc which a daughter's desertion, aided by potent fluids, had inflicted upon his mental capacity.

Although the *Fly and Treacle Pot* was well known to the tip-staves and the *runners* of Cold Bath Fields, Hatton Garden, &c. and diligent search was made for Winterbottom, yet his retreat was not discovered; and as in a recent adventure he had contrived to well furnish his

purse, Keengrim was well satisfied with his guest, and a firm friend. Sukey visited him every day, and they generally spent together a cheerful evening; but Winterbottom was evidently upon the decay, and the remnants of life were only sustained by that which laid the foundation for its premature decease. His intellect was completely gone; he knew not his daughter; he knew nothing but a pot of porter, a bottle of gin, and his tobacco box.

All search after him as a delinquent was now at an end, and it was deemed adviseable by Sukey that he should change his lodgings. With a heart suffering under contrition she had long deplored her former conduct, and set herself down as the cause of her father's unhappy situation. Although her feelings went nigh sometimes to overwhelm her, yet she bore up with fortitude against the assaults of conscience, and endeavoured, by attention to her father, to expiate her offence.

Winterbottom, at her request, was removed from the Fly and Treacle Pot to a comfortable first floor in Field lane, the next door to the King's Head and Collar of Brawn. Here she redoubled her assiduities, sometimes she fried him a delicate liver for his luncheon, or made him a stew of rumps and burrs; but, alas! his appetite was gone. Winterbottom could only derive pleasure and support from porter, gin, and tobacco, and these he used from morning till night.

At length an unhappy change took place in his disorder, which terminated all Sukey's hopes. Winterbottom recovered a debt of ten guineas, which had been long standing, and placed upon the black list; it was unexpectedly paid, and Winterbottom determined never to get between a pair of sheets until it was all spent. Unhappy determination, instance of maniacism too frequent. Alas! too general—it was in vain Sukey contested the point—a cask of gin was brought in, porter, pipes, and tobacco, and to it he went with the courage of a hero.

Sukey with that filial piety which had ever marked her conduct, but in that one never to be forgotten and solitary instance, certain that so large a quantity of gin, so much porter, and such a supply of tobacco was inordinately too much for one person at one sitting, although extremely loath, yet she determined to share it with him, perfectly convinced that if old Winterbottom made use of the whole, he would never want another glass in this world.

Knee to knee, glass to glass, pipe to pipe, they sat, and as St. James's, Clerkenwell, struck twelve at noon, the passenger down Field-lane could not but have inhaled the fragrant steams which burst forth in volumes from their drawing-room window. About four o'clock Winterbottom began to falter in his draughts, a cold dew hung upon his forehead, his pipe shook in his hand. Sukey perceived it, but the old man summoned new strength, he refilled his pipe, took another glass, and continued cheerily unto eight. Sukey felt that at this time to rise from her chair and walk to the door was an impossible thing, therefore she was content to keep her seat. At ten o'clock Winterbottom laid down his pipe, and looking about the room with a vacant stare—he exclaimed indistinctly, God bless me, where am I? I can drink no more—drink no more!

Let those who have for years been pining away life in fruitless expectation, and who see themselves at last possessed of the long desired blessing, figure to themselves the rapture of Sukey. “He can drink no more!” burst from her quivering lips, unconscious that inability to drink in Winterbottom was but a forerunner of dissolution.

“O, my father,” she exclaimed, dropping on her knees.

“I can drink no more,” replied old Winterbottom, dropping his head upon his chest.

The spirit of life at that instant fled, and Sukey perceiving that her father was no more, took a last look, a last glass, and sunk into a stupor from which she never recovered,

The day of their funeral was indeed a melancholy one, for on that day was young Paddy Shannon, the gay deceiver—hanged!

MORAL.

Peace to the memory of Sukey Winterbottom, and had she never gone astray the preceding tale had never been written, as a warning to young innocents who listen to the voice of the seducer. May her sad example be long in the remembrance of girls of sixteen; and her awful fate serve as a useful lesson against the indulgence of naughty propensities, and the artful insinuations of such wicked men as Paddy Shannon!

HISTORY AND ILLUSTRATION OF THE LAW OF LIBEL.

THE present practice of the law of libel derives its foundation from an arbitrary declaration of the court of Star Chamber, *de libellis famosis*; and from the concurrence of Lord Coke in the opinions it expresses. The ancient authorities, previous to the time of Lord Coke, always represent the falsehood of a report, or of a publication, as the constituent of its criminality. In the absence, therefore, of verbal and legal authority, it remains to be considered whether the law of libel be deducible from the general principles of our legal system, or consistent with truth, expedience, and justice.

The character of this offence, as it is generally understood, has rather an anomalous appearance; it is not required by the practice of the courts to have been attended with actual injury to the public. It is in this respect distinguishable from offences in general, which consist rather in the injury itself than in the bare tendency to it. Other offences require realities to their composition: *this* is wholly composed of presumptions and probabilities. The *possible* injury of the peace of the realm, which is given by the Star Chamber as the

ground of its decision, requires not punishment, but prevention. In cases of threatening, and in other breaches of the peace, security only is required ; and why should the offence in question be more heavily visited than those which threaten the life and property of our neighbours ?

It is, in fact, the spirit of arbitrary governments to prefer public punishment to civil compensation. Jealous of his power the despot seeks not so much the reparation of the injury to the individual as an atonement for the affront to his authority. Such a government is more anxious for the maintainment of its enormous arrogations than for the protection of the just rights of the subject. It is the peculiar nature of the offence that accounts for its having been singled out for the infliction of disproportionate penalties. The motive of them has not been to protect the character of the individual, but to screen the conduct of the government from censure. From a dread that the shaft of just reproach might in some instances glance too high, the use of it in every instance has been severely prohibited.

The public tranquillity, as it is the only security of an arbitrary government, is the object to which it sacrifices every other. The apprehension of a disturbance of the public peace from the resentment of the individual, is I think rather imputable to the suspicious vigilance and timidity of a bad government, than to the firmness of a good one. In this conviction the decree of the Star-chamber was issued, and under similar impressions Lord Coke declared, that " this court (of Star-chamber), the right institutions and ancient orders thereof being observed, doth keep all England in quiet.*"

If the injury be substantial enough, for the presumption of damage to the individual to attach to it, it is substantial enough for compensation, if it be not *omnia scire, non omnia resequi*. If the provocation to a breach of the peace constitute the criminality of libel, there is no breach of honor or duty from man to man, which may

* 4 Inst. c. 5.

not, from its provoking quality, and the probability of its being resented, be rendered a public offence. The law, we are aware, cannot regard the provocation in such cases; but I leave it to the judges, to reconcile the inconsistency of presuming the resentment, where it is only probable, and of not recognizing it (as in the case of duels) where the custom of the age has rendered it almost certain.

To a man who has a deformed person there is frequently nothing so provoking as the exhibition of it, by any one but himself. In such a case the merit of the artist would be exactly in proportion to the fidelity of his pencil. Of course the moral painter, who delineates, however truly, the ridiculous foibles, the contemptible manners, or the licentious morals of another, is at least equally culpable. We speak not of the caricature, but of the correct portrait.

All immoralities are not judicially cognizable. There are violations of social duty, amenable to public justice, by no regular process, in the knowledge of which the interests of society may be involved. The perfidious friend, the seducer of unsuspecting virtue, the spoiler of domestic happiness, the unfeeling oppressor of his dependents, all desire the convenient seeming of honesty. They may well indeed resent the officious caution of the satirist; but does the law itself prepare the disguise for such characters? does justice make common cause with the impostors in morality and religion, and in its regard for the irritability of their resentments, arm itself to avenge the detection of their guilt?

As an example of the indiscriminate and unjust operation of the law of libel, the following case may be adduced in point. One Maddox, an apothecary, had personated Dr. Crow, a physician; had written his prescriptions, and taken his fee. Some person who conceived the public to be interested in his detection, published the fact in an advertisement. The apothecary in the confidence that *truth* is no justification of libel, had the effrontery to move the court of King's Bench for an information

against his accuser, but did not pretend to deny the fraud with which he was charged. The case was glaring, and the court refused the information. In this instance they were confounded between the practice of the courts, and the evident demands of truth and justice. The triumph of good sense was evident, but it cannot be consistent with English liberty that a question of libel, sometimes involving the character of the judges themselves should be left to their own decision.

If *Maddox* had afterwards proceeded by indictment, a singular consequence would have followed from the practice of the law of libel. The grand jury must have found the bill upon the same evidence which was produced to the court of King's Bench. Upon the same evidence the petty jury must have convicted the defendant; and the court might have heard this audacious impostor insisting upon judgment, upon the same evidence which was produced to the court of King's Bench, and which it had dismissed as unworthy of consideration.

The subjoined case still more powerfully exemplifies the impolicy and injustice of the existing law.

THE ABBOT'S CASE.

The Abbot of St. Albans sent his servant to a *femme covert* to come to his master and speak with him. The servant performed his command, and thereupon the wife came with him to the abbot; and when the abbot and the woman were together, the servant who knew his master's will, withdrew from them, and left them two in the chamber alone, and then the abbot said to the woman, *that her apparel was gross apparel*; to whom the wife said, *that her apparel was according to her ability*, and according to the ability of her husband. The abbot (knowing in what women repose delight,) said to her *that if she would be ruled by him, she should have as good apparel as any woman in the parish*, and did solicit her chastity: when the wife would not consent to him, the abbot did assault her, and would have made her an ill woman, against her will, which the wife would not suffer, wherefore he kept

her in his chamber against her will. The husband having notice of this abuse to his wife, spake publicly of the matter. Thereupon the abbot adding one sin to another sued the innocent and poor husband for defamation in the spiritual court, because the husband had published that the lord abbot had solicited his wife's chastity, and would have made her an ill woman. (*Coke.*)

The question upon this case, which I have given in the words of the reporter, was, whether the defamation was of spiritual cognizance?

Now let us make a slight alteration in the case, and let us suppose that the offended husband instead of publicly speaking the slander, had privately conveyed it to the abbot in a letter; had made his charge with remonstrances upon it in terms of just resentment. From the traits that we have already observed of the abbot's character, it is not improbable that he might wish to punish the layman's presumption. In his application to the spiritual court it is clear that he mistook his remedy. Let us suppose then that he prefers an indictment. The special pleader has done his duty; his inuendoes and averments are properly charged: he has represented the abbot as a character of singular piety, of gravity and exemplary manners, and has libelled *ad libitum* the defendant. The bill is found, and the defendant answers to the charge of the indictment, as he may well answer that he is not criminal.

The case of the prosecutor is opened, and in support of it, that which the defendant is ready to admit, is proved with wonderful exactness; but of that which he denies no evidence is produced.

The defendant is called upon. He is in possession of an evidence who had been the unobserved spectator of the transaction, and he offers that defence which truth and justice furnish to him—his mouth is shut—to what purpose indeed should he open it? *Truth is a libel*, and his justification cannot be heard.

The jurors, however, may have heard something of this abbot; they live in his neighbourhood; his passion for *femmes couvertes* may not have escaped them; some of them

may have had experience of it in their own families. The juries have to do with nothing but the *inuendoes*. The defendant has no objection to admit the grammatical structure of the record, and is of course convicted.

Still there is some hope. The character of the abbot is *notorious*. The court then cannot be supposed to be ignorant of what every one knows. But the court can only look at the record. It is the unimpassioned organ by which the law pronounces that punishment which the conviction warrants.

This faithful illustration of the doctrine of libel exhibits a proceeding which has for its object the exclusion of truth from a court of justice. The defendant is convicted and punished for asserting what is true, what is universally known, and ought to be investigated. Can our legislators persist in fixing such a solecism on a system that has been pronounced "the perfection of reason?"

Before I conclude, I cannot help expressing it as my firm persuasion, that in the place of this exceptionable doctrine, a law more adequate to its professed object might be deduced from the very spirit of our system: which to the really injured individual should substitute compensation for vindictive satisfaction; which should furnish to government every means for its just support, without leaving to a bad administration the privilege of proscribing the virtuous citizen, or the incautious but honest patriot. The age of barbarism is past—it is to be hoped that the age of cruel refinement will never arrive; and let us now endeavour to prevent its approach by an appeal to the existing spirit of legislative liberality.

We have thus been considering a doctrine, which has interrupted the general harmony of our legal system: we have been examining the construction of that engine by which the *trial* by jury and a free press, the very ramparts of the constitution, have been and may hereafter be assailed. That his present speculations may lead the attention of some intrepid and conscientious barrister to a legal investigation of the subject, is the first wish of

A FRIEND TO TRUTH AND JUSTICE,

PRICE OF PORTER—PATRIOTIC BREWERS— AND HUMANE QUAKERS.

SIR,

WHEN opulent dealers in the necessary articles of life combine to enhance their price, they generally have some paltry excuse to offer as a palliative for their conduct. In the last rise of that fictitious composition called PORTER, the brewers alleged as a reason the high price of malt, and exacted from the public an advance upon the many hundreds of thousands of barrels then in their storehouses. Now, Mr. Editor, they having had both opportunity and time to reap a plentiful advantage, and malt having fallen at least 30s. per quarter, the public, in their turn, have a right to demand a share of the benefit arising therefrom; otherwise, if they are compelled to endure this will-and-pleasure tax of the brewers, it would be but common justice that some portion of its amount may at least find its way into the coffers of the state, in the shape of a new duty on malt, and not be permitted to swell the already overgrown profits of the brewer.

To place this assertion beyond the possibility of a doubt, it need but be mentioned, that there is a house in the trade, and that by no means the greatest, whose consumption of malt is one thousand quarters *weekly*, which, at the present reduced price, gives an additional profit to the brewer, in that period, of *one thousand five hundred pounds*; and allowing eight months in the year for the purposes of brewing, this alone would give to the concern (every other profit to boot,) the enormous sum of *forty-eight thousand pounds*!

If through the medium of your valuable publication you will disseminate this hint, the public, or the minister, may derive advantage from it; and the former will have this satisfaction, that if they are compelled to pay sixpence a pot for porter, the extra charge will go to defray the exi-

gencies of the state, and not into the pockets of the fabricators of such an heterogeneous composition as is now forced upon us for this once pleasant and wholesome beverage.

I will conclude for the present by observing, that though there has been much said about *patriotic brewers*, as well as *humane Quakers*, (the bulk of which last class, by the bye, I consider as the very symbols of monopoly,) I have always been ready to quarrel with the expression. What a perversion of language! What an insult to common understanding! to term that *patriotism*, which exhibits nothing beyond a love of itself; and to call that *humanity*, which is busily employed in converting the bounties of Providence into individual aggrandisement!

I remain, Sir,

Your much incensed

JOHN BULL.

PROGRESS OF FASHION.

SIR,

As I perceive that you have not yet condescended to be influenced by me, and that however you may be regarded by the rest of the world, you have not yet obtained the approbation of the lounge or the demirep, I have taken the trouble to convince you that unless you pay some respect to me, your labour and ingenuity will be equally vain. But it will be necessary to remind you, that from the fickleness of my disposition you must not expect this letter to contain a long chain of arguments, but a jumble of thoughts without order or connection.

I need not yield to any one with respect to antiquity. There is some reason to conclude that I was not unacquainted with the daughters of Eve while she was living, and her descendants did not fail to respect *me* when they had lost the remembrance of her. Every ancient nation renowned either for arts or politeness, has left some monu-

ments of my greatness, from the drapery of a statue in honor of Augustus, to the remains of a Carthaginian buckler, or the tattered remains of a Roman sandal.

But you must not imagine that I have no influence on more modern times, or more distant nations. I have had equal power over the polished Frenchman and the savage Greenlander. I first instructed the inhabitants of the Friendly Islands to distinguish themselves by the whale-bone placed in their nostrils ; and it was I who first taught the ladies of China that little feet are necessary to beauty. But the government of those usages which have become established through the progress of time, I have left to custom, who although he never gains an authority, in that I have not previously resigned into his hands, yet afterwards curtails the extension of my power, with the rigor of a usurper. My influence, indeed, is seldom felt by the Asiatics or Africans above once in a century, when I, perhaps, introduce some singular revolution in their ideas and their manners ; but the commotion speedily subsides : my power is soon asleep, and those who have revered me, wake again into their former sentiments and circumstances. The bigotry of the Turk, the pride of the Spaniard, the coldness of the Russian, and the heaviness of the German, are too great to allow me to flourish in any of their respective nations. Even the Frenchman is not so much my slave as he formerly was, except in the government of his country. Under the auspices of Buonaparte it is in vain that I am cherished, for I love not to reside beneath the oppression of sumptuary laws. It is in England, where every man pursues the whims of his own imagination without fear ; where the men are superior to controul, and the women above restraint, that I delight to dwell : my votaries are not here arrested because their coats are lined with a particular colour, or obliged to absent themselves from the theatre because it is the emperor's birth-day : a book is not suppressed because it contains novelties, nor a newspaper persecuted because it publishes truth.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, my disciples were distinguished by the nakedness of their bosoms and the height of their head-dresses, the feathers of which sometimes equalled in length the rest of the body. I was then the patron of cold formality, and dignified precision. The females were demure, and the gentlemen important and deliberate. The *Spectator*, however, by his abilities and his wit, succeeded in lowering the height of his countrywomen's heads, and in covering their bosoms; he taught them to substitute ease for constraint, and grace for formality. Thanks however to the versatility of the English character, one ridiculous form was scarcely condemned, before another sprung up in its place, and for some time the ladies of rank were distinguished by the height of their heels, the prominence *a posteriori*, and the longitude of their waists.

It would be useless to repeat all the varieties of dress and manners, by which those who aspired to honor me, have been distinguished; my male admirers have exhausted all their resources of masculine ingenuity, and the females have endeavoured to gain my favor by imitating the dress of the men, sometimes by unnatural restraints, and at others by artificial protuberances.

I might, MR. SCOURGE, stop here, and leave you to reflect that you may be the favorite of the ladies, and the friend of every Bond-street lounge, by flattering any of the foibles I have mentioned; that you may engage the gay in your favour by descanting on the favorite dresses of the day, and secure the smiles of your fair neighbours by descanting on the composition of rouge and depilatory powders; but there is a large field in which you may exercise your genius. You may gain popularity by imitating the melodies of Twiss, or the sensibility of Montgomery. It has been under my patronage that most of the productions of the present day have been sent into the world, from the poetry of Wordsworth to that of Lewis, and from the novels of Robinson to those of Lathom. Plays without number, although possessed neither of

spirit nor delicacy, have owed their support to me: I brought into reputation the nonsense of Darwin, the insipidity of Pye, and the absurdity of Lewis. I have inundated the English press with the doleful ditties of Burger, and have amused your countrymen with the licentious effusions of Louvet. The reveries of headstrong power, and the enthusiasm of pretended philosophers, have owed their favourable reception to my good offices. You may perhaps be surprised, Sir, that while I know these productions to be absurd I patronize them; but you have paid little attention to the world if you have not found, that I seldom decide according to my judgment, that I am sometimes confounded by boldness, and sometimes corrupted by flattery. Notwithstanding therefore I perceive the folly of the claims of those whom I praise, yet I continue my applause, after the pretensions of those who strove for it are condemned.

By these means my power has become so great that in the world of dress little attention is paid to decency when put in competition with me; and in the republic of learning the pen of criticism when employed in opposition to my opinion is employed in vain. Beneath my auspices the ladies will soon return to the nakedness of Eve, and your literature be only remarkable for obscurity and folly.

Every succeeding year will probably produce temporary stories and gipsy tales: you will again be astonished at the appearance of monkish mysteries, and again be surprized at the attention they receive and the fame they acquire.

In literature, however, it sometimes happens that my decision agrees with that of reason. I have not neglected the prose of Montague or the poetry of Moore. I have not denied the merits of Lord Byron, or withheld my approbation from the prose of Stewart.

Yet as the versatility of my temper is proverbial, it will not be wonderful if many of those productions which are not excellent, and of those which are, lose my patronage. The time may come when I shall look with equal indiffe-

rence on the elegance of Campbell and the dulness of Pye ; but I have never given consideration to any work, without at the same time causing its real merits to be discovered. If you are inclined, therefore, to believe that your pages contain beauties that have not been remarked, wit which has not been celebrated, or learning which has not been admired, you may attain eminence by flattering my followers,—a loose thought translated from the French, will preserve a SCOURGE from oblivion. You may attract the attention of the men by descanting on the levity and fickleness of the opposite sex, and please the ladies by descanting on the inconstancy and falsehood of the lords of the creation.

The roguery of lawyers will likewise afford you a copious source of wit and merriment, and when you are at a loss for matter you may introduce several entertaining reflections on the number of people murdered by the faculty. It will be advisable for you sometimes to introduce, as if by accident, a quotation which has no connection with the subject ; and you may enter with great *eclat* into the examination of a subject you do not understand. If you use these methods to extend your circulation, I venture to prophesy that your reputation will speedily eclipse that of Johnson ; that your volumes will stand conspicuous in the libraries of the lounge, the philosopher, and the nobleman ; and that you will soon become one of the principal favourites of FASHION.

MR. J. C. BURCKHARDT,

*The Manufacturer of the Masonic Jewel presented to the
Earl of Moira.*

IN the numbers of the SCOURGE for January, February, and April last, several paragraphs reflecting on the character and origin of Mr. J. C. Burckhardt of Northumberland-street, Strand, jeweller, were inserted by us on authority that we had then no reason to distrust. Since

that period we have had occasion to enquire more particularly into the statements of our correspondent, and are not only satisfied of the falsehood of his aspersions on the conduct of Mr. Burckhardt, but of the perfect respectability of that gentleman's character; and therefore feel it our duty thus publicly to apologize for having allowed our publication to be the vehicle of such an unmerited attack on his character. Mr. Burckhardt having discovered the author of the offensive articles, has, at our request, stayed the proceedings against us: we therefore deem it an act of justice both to Mr. B. and ourselves to enter into this public explanation.

CENSOR AT COURT; OR, ADVANTAGES OF
SCANDAL.

SIR,

MR. Robert Southey having been at length elected to the honourable office of resounding the praises of the Prince Regent, and being in full possession of his hundred and six pounds a year, the but of sack being commuted for one hundred and twenty shillings, permit me now that the suggestion can do no harm to a deserving individual, to propose, that as a set-off against the eulogies of the laureat, a MONITOR be appointed for the court under the title of the Censor. Philip of Macedon retained a servant in his household for the sole purpose of reminding him every morning that he was a man; and the admonitions of the prophets of Judea, and the augurs of Rome, are reported to have had a beneficial influence on the monarchs of their respective countries. Surely then the great and virtuous Regent of Britain need not be alarmed or ashamed at an example which was tolerated

in the reigns of Jeroboam and Nero, Poetical justice will thus be granted to his character, and while Mr. Southey is inditing odes on the excellencies of the Prince, the *MONITOR* will be employed in adding to the number of those excellencies by pointing out every opportunity of amendment, and every error that remains to be corrected.

The use of a censor of this kind, especially if his jurisdiction extended throughout the whole fashionable world, would be as delightful as beneficial. Vice and folly, rather than its iniquity or its errors should be sung by the monitory laureat, would restrain its propensities, or retire into obscurity. The curious would receive from the monthly philippics of the monthly satirist the most copious supply of scandalous materials; their composition will afford as much room to the criticism of the fop and the loungee, as well as to the scholar and the man of letters, and the revenue of the post office will at least be doubled by the eagerness of each kind matron and friendly damsel to circulate the delicious and well-told tale.

It would be ridiculous at the present day to suppose that any lady would spoil her eyes or her complexion in poring over the absurdities of a few old-fashioned fellows, who only mean to improve the understanding, or that she would employ that time in serious reading which she is accustomed to spend at her toilette. As no female in this enlightened age is so unfashionable as to rise before twelve, or to sit less than four hours in arranging the colour of her cheeks, it is obviously impossible that long dissertations on manners, or compositions requiring a taste for serious poetry, can be generally read or understood in the circles of fashion. But the monitory odes I am now proposing would become at once the vehicle of scandal and instruction; they might be read by the waiting maid to the mistress, and by the nurse to the children, and be generally diffused and understood.

The Censor General would find no difficulty in obtain-

ing intelligence ; for if we alter the precept, " do as you *would be* done by," to " do as you *are* done by," (a sense in which it is understood by very respectable personages,) it will be a sufficient caution to any of those ladies who remark the frailties and defects of others, since accusation may be reciprocal. We are all aware that though the Censor General might receive from every lady in high life a detail of the amours and peccadilloes of some private friend, it implies neither hatred nor jealousy. The amusement of scandal is perfectly innocent and consistent with the dictates of Christian charity. I have known two ladies who expressed in every company the most violent astonishment at each other's follies, embrace with the most ardent professions of attachment, and testify the utmost sorrow that distance and engagement should have denied them the happiness of seeing each other more frequently. But what has given me more satisfaction, the very next evening I have heard the one remark that Lady K. was very hypocritical, as she frequently satirized her most intimate friends ; and the other that Mrs. F. was a tale-bearer and a slanderer, as she never paid a visit but to collect materials for a secret history.

If scandal be absolutely necessary to keep up the spirit of conversation ; if it assist a lady to evince her hatred of the peccadillos of her friends ; if it be gained without injury to the bloom of the countenance, or to the whiteness of the complexion ; if it be always promotive of good nature and charity ; and if it enable its votaries to display knowledge and vivacity, although they be not possessed of learning, good sense, wit, or politeness, I cannot help recommending the establishment of a Censor, to whom the scandalous anecdotes in possession of every single individual may be transmitted as materials for his odes.

Let us not, however, lose sight of a greater object in a less. The personal errors of the first personage of the kingdom have a baleful influence over the whole empire

of fashion, At stated seasons, therefore, it would be advisable that the Poetical Censor should contend in verse with the Laureat ; the one resounding the virtues and wisdom of the Regent, the other reminding him of his foibles and errors. By such a competition he would obtain the quantity of applause and admiration that he deserved, and no more. While he felt proud of the eulogies that were just, he would learn what to avoid, and of what to be ashamed. He would listen to the language of flattery, corrected by the criticism of truth, and whatever might be the correctness of his morals, the extent of his knowledge, or the energy of his mind. Had the office of Court Monitor been established twenty years ago, what evils and what errors might have been prevented ! The practice of *ex officio* informations might have been abolished ; the misfortunes of an illustrious female would not have occurred ; the prince might have been passing the decline of age in the bosom of a happy wife and virtuous family ; the anecdotes of the turf and the square might have been buried in oblivion ; the retainers of the press would have continued to enjoy the sweets of liberty ; and the people grateful, virtuous, and content, would have hailed with rapture the period when Providence should prepare an opportunity for the accession of George the Fourth.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

DRURY LANE.—This theatre opened on the 11th of September, with the *School for Scandal*. There was nothing worthy of observation in the casting of the parts, or the progress of the performance. The circular lights are removed from the two sides of the proscenium, but the pedestals on which they rested are suffered to remain. The only novelty of the month has been the appearance of a Mr. Hughes as Jaques, the Mock Duke in the *Honey Moon*. We are sorry that it is not in our power to congratulate Mr. Hughes on his powers of comic delineation. His stature is short, his articulation coarse and vulgar; and the expression of his countenance, (on the stage) stupid and forbidding. He mistakes grimace for expression, and laborious distortion for flexibility. If his personation of other characters bears any resemblance to his Jacques, he has only ventured on the London boards to receive the neglect and derision that justly attaches to ambitious incapacity.

COVENT GARDEN.—The constant succession of novelty by which this theatre has been distinguished from the commencement of the season, do credit to the taste, the activity, and the liberality of the manager. His selection of new performers has been no less fortunate than the regard for the amusement of the town, which induced Mr. Harris to engage them, has been conspicuous. To deny the servants of the public that tribute of applause, which they have deserved by their public spirit, on the plea that they are influenced solely by mercenary views, and expend their money only when they are sure to be repaid, is of all modes of action the most absurd and unjust. The manager of Covent Garden has evidently exceeded the point at which the public would have had reason to be satisfied, or at which the attractions of the theatre might have been supposed to reach their utmost limit. The house would, in all probability, have been just as crowded had no alterations taken place in its interior, or only one half of the new performers been engaged, as it will be after all the display of public spirit on the part of the proprietors. But a successful manager, if he

possesses the feelings becoming his situation, will not repay the patronage of the public by meting out the degree and extent of entertainment that he can afford to give; and it is the demonstration of those feelings at the opening of the present season, to which we gladly offer our tribute of applause.

The name of Mr. Terry is not quite unknown to a London audience. He was some time ago one of the principal actors of the Haymarket theatre, and his improvement since that period does credit to his perseverance. His person is good, his features dark, and expressive of the gloomy and vindictive passions. He has studied as a tragedian in the school of Kemble, as a comedian in that of Munden; but his acting shews the student rather than the imitator, the admirer rather than the copyist. His personation of Leon was equally effective in the preliminary scenes of affected ideocy, and in the subsequent assumption of legitimate authority. We have not seen him in the character of Old Dornton in the Road to Ruin; but his Lord Ogleby is by no means unworthy of his excellence in Leon. He forgot the languor and infirmities of the exhausted debauchee, and ogled and courted with the animation of a man in full health and spirits.

Mr. Vining is a very different actor from Mr. Terry. He has performed the part of Frederic in the Poor Gentleman, and avowedly assumes those characters in which the first requisites are gentlemanly elegance and graceful vivacity. Unfortunately his talents are by no means commensurate with his ambition, and he may return to his country friends without exciting the regret or the sympathy of a single individual attached to the London stage.

Mrs. Kennedy assumes the characters of antiquated housekeepers, superannuated nurses and peevish old maids; but buffoonery is a poor substitute for humor, and extravagance for spirit. She has been very unfavourably received.

Miss Rennel appeared on the 6th of September, in the part of Ariel, and has since performed in the characters of Artaxerxes and Philip in Rosina. Her figure is neat and elegant; her voice clear, distinct, and sonorous, but not susceptible of variety. As a breeches figure, in parts requiring only distinctness of elocution and moderate powers of voice, she is an acquisition to the theatre. We doubt whether in female attire, and

in parts requiring delicacy of expression, or powers of vocal pathos, she is calculated to excel.

In chaste and simple melody Miss Matthews surpasses all her contemporaries. Her intonation combines the accuracy of the most correct science, and the utmost simplicity of execution, with the most delightful brilliance of effect. Without any exuberance of ornament, and almost without effort, she threads the mazes of the most difficult passages with admirable dexterity, which gives full effect to those the most simple. She has already appeared as Annette in the *Lord of the Manor*, as Elizabeth in the *Exile*, and as Rosina. Her exertions have been rewarded by the most unbounded applause.

On Thursday the 23d, Miss Stephens, a pupil of Mr. Welch, appeared for the first time on any stage in the character of Mandane, in *Artaxerxes*. She burst upon the audience in a strain of rich, powerful, and varied melody, that took their senses by surprize, and commanded the warmest and most reiterated plaudits. Her appearance is not youthful, but her face is pleasing; her stature portly, her deportment grave and deliberate, perhaps too much so for her age, and for the parts she will be called upon to personate. She possesses a compass of voice fully equal to any amplitude of space, or any complexity of musical composition. Her tones are rich, powerful, and harmonious; her execution, as the occasion requires, lofty, elegant, and pathetic. She possesses the same facility of elegant and appropriate ornament with Mrs. Dickons; but the articulation of that lady is much less distinct, and in pathetic and sentimental passages she can bear no comparison with Miss Stephens, who promises when time and experience have corrected those errors and deficiencies on which we shall not dwell, and improved her excellencies, to be no unworthy successor of Mrs. Billington.

Mrs. M'Gibbon, the daughter of the late Mr. Woodfall, has performed in the character of Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*. The part requires but little exertion, and of Mrs. M'Gibbon's abilities we are therefore unable to express any decided opinion. Her appearance is interesting, her delivery impressive, and her conception of the character was judiciously formed and skilfully expressed.

The dull and massy heaviness that distinguished the inte-

rior of the house, has been superseded by a union of beauty, elegance, and convenience, such as has been seldom witnessed. The ponderous archway over the stage has been converted into a light and airy cove, turning elliptically towards the ceiling; the pigeon-holes have been removed, the fronts of the three tier of boxes are decorated in gold, with the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock; and what is of more importance than all the other alterations, the conveyance of sound has been rendered so complete that the slightest whisper may be heard in every part of the theatre.

THE PANTHEON.—The proprietors of this theatre have at length determined, it appears, to place themselves under the protection of the magistrates' licence, and to confine themselves exclusively to music and dancing. They will thus secure themselves against the capricious or interested machinations of their adversaries, while the question with regard to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain approaches to its decision, and the petition of the proprietors is ready for presentation. The chief male performer in the vocal department is Mr. Jones. He sings with judgment and spirit, and is ably supported by Miss Singleton, a young lady whose voice is full and sonorous, whose person is handsome and prepossessing, and whose powers of execution are considerable. The dancing department is conducted with great elegance and spirit. Miss Harrison displays her agile powers with much effect, and in the *pas de deux* between her and Mr. Jones, grace is united with activity. The band is good, and the whole concern conducted with animation and success.

Look there Mr Bull! do you
see what's going on yonder the
fish will not starve however
Good Heavens that the bounty
of Providence should be so abused

Christians! I think for my part there
are very few left among us, the have
all turn'd Jews and Turks

Oh wherefore breathe we
in a christian Land?

Yea verily, for
disburden my
I solemnly affirm
been a strict wo
of Monopoly, ere
and albeit though
in my returns, an
wanted wind and
I have never cease
on every favour



W. Jewell



BENEFITS OF A PLENTIFUL HARVEST.

...for success
...for happiness
...no mental reservation.
I will do my duty!

...I confess all? Is there no hope
...without it? then I am undone indeed!
...we been very liberal in the use of alum-
...potatoes-rice-rum stone-and sometimes
...teel from the weight, &c - O L-d! O L-d! I
...had been satisfied with plundering Sunday
...shes!

I wonder Mr 2-n, that bakers have
never introduced Quassia; it is a
stomachic Wood, and I deal very
largely in it.

None of your tricks upon an old "Traveller". -
by Jesus, I think the state of the labouring poor
is bitter enough already. - O that I had the
brushing of their bums.

I wish they were as honest as I have
been with my biscuits, or you holy
father in your contract for haps -
A speedy reformation to them all, and
that soon, say I.

Come, that's very good indeed! - I say
browsers, invite me to your next
feast. I'll be sure to be in -
apropos your watch
want repairing

Verily there is a large
supply of foreign Wheat
and the price has fell.

When I-n you, I'm mad as
a hatter!

Mark
Lane

